

FILM SCORE

M O N T H L Y

INTERVIEW:
Marc Shaiman of
the Scoring Jungle

RE-ENTER THE DRAGON

**LALO'S ON
THE MONEY**

Schiffrin Returns to
Grand Funk!

**John/ Powell
Faces the Music**

Scoring John Woo's
Hit Face/Off



**Tony
Thomas
In Memoriam**
Remembering the
Film Music Historian

**CHRIS TUCKER IN
MONEY TALKS**



VS THE PULL



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Tony Thomas: The Era

A number of fans expressed their sorrow, at his memorial service and on the Internet, about the recent and unexpected passing of Tony Thomas. Many of these remembrances



David Raksin, Tony Thomas and an unidentified gentleman in the late 1950s or early 1960s

were along the lines of, "I had 37 of his records, 6 of his books, and 2 of his documentary films." While it annoyed me that anyone could take something as profound as the loss of a human life and turn it into an inventory of a collection, it struck me how widespread an influence Tony had. Countless fans, myself included, sincerely know of Tony as this disembodied name who over many years has given us great joy.

Last fall at the Society for the Preservation of Film Music's annual conference, two friends and I spotted a gentleman we didn't recognize, wearing a name badge we did recognize: "Randall Larson." We were like, holy cow, that's Randall Larson! We used to read *CinemaScore*—we're big fans! It was an amazing moment.

Both Tony Thomas and Randall Larson belong to a miniscule group of people, anonymous in civilian life, who have transformed a hobby and an art form. Tony was without question the elder statesman and his memorial service in July was an event of great mourning, but also of great celebration. It was about what one man could achieve, not out of a quest for fame or glory, but simply out of love, and the desire to share that love, unequivocally.

Speaking of legends, I love Lalo Schifrin. I don't know how anyone could listen to *Bullitt*, *Cool Hand Luke*, *Mission: Impossible*, *Dirty Harry* and *Enter the Dragon* and not be bowled over by the sheer dynamism of the melodies, rhythms and orchestral combinations. Schifrin is of course renowned for many different styles—he's a world-accomplished classical composer, conductor, jazz pianist and songwriter—but as he himself recognizes, he is particularly known for the urban '70s cinematic groove.

I have long day-dreamed how totally awesome it would be to have watched the score to *Enter the Dragon* going down. For two days last spring, I was honored to be on that exact same Warner Bros. scoring stage as the grand master of orchestral film music funk, Lalo Schifrin, revisited his time-honored bread-and-butter style for a new feature, Brett Ratner's *Money Talks*. It was an eye-opening lesson that film music can be great in any era, as long as the director allows it to be, and the composer has the magic combination of intellect and education, life and imagination.

-Lukas Kendall

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News & Information

The best put-down of *Batman and Robin* I saw was this headline on some web site: "This sucks, Dick!" In *Contact*, when Jodie Foster journeys to the other side of the galaxy and meets a strange apparition from her past, I wanted it to be Harvey Keitel as "Sport" from *Taxi Driver*.

Media Watch

The new Wu-Tang Clan video of "Triumph" uses Jerry Goldsmith's music from *The Swarm* (1978, "Main Title" and "Bees' Picnic") for three symphonic bridges. The video, directed by *Money Talks'* Brett Ratner, features the rap artists as killer bees swarming all over Manhattan; it's in heavy air-play now. Jerry's on MTV!

John Williams and Itzhak Perlman appeared on PBS' August 8 *Charlie Rose* show, to promote their *Cinema Serenade* CD. The two then appeared on Monday, August 11, performing that music on PBS' *Evening at Pops*.

Randy Newman was on *60 Minutes* on July 25, interviewed by Morley Safer. This was a re-run of an earlier piece where he discussed his musical *Faust*.

Print Watch

Phil Nohl's LP-related publication, *The Soundtrack Collector*, has ceased publication after 2+ years. Nohl is contemplating a book compilation of his best articles, as well as selling off his collection. Write 5824 W Galena, Milwaukee WI 53208.

The July 15 *Los Angeles Times* Calendar section featured an article by Jon Burlingame about rejected scores, particularly *Air Force One*. The July 15 *Variety* included a tribute to the Newman family (Alfred, Lionel, David, Thomas, Maria and others), who were selected as recipients of the American Music Legends award.

The July 17 *Los Angeles Times* featured an article, also by Jon Burlingame, about the *George of the Jungle* theme song. The *Sunday L.A. Times*, July 27, featured a cover story by Mark Swed, "They Shoot, They Score," on classically oriented film music.

The August *Film Bulletin* (Germany) has a film music article as well as reviews of film music publications. It's in German, so I don't know if they like me.

The July 12 *Daily Telegraph* Saturday magazine in the U.K. featured a John Williams article.

24th Flanders International Film Festival, Ghent, Belgium, October 7-19; write to Flanders International Film Festival, 1104 Kortrijksesteenweg, B-9051 Ghent, Belgium; www.rug.ac.be/filmfestival/Welcome.html.

David Raksin will be at New York's Carl Fischer Store (212-265-8662) at Lincoln Center on Sept. 18, 3:30PM, autographing copies of his songbook, *The Timeless Melodies of David Raksin*.

DVD

Several DVDs are coming up from Warner Home Video with isolated music tracks. *The Witches of Eastwick* (John Williams) is out now. Due September 30: *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory* (Leslie Bricusse). October: *Excalibur* (classical, Trevor Jones), *Dangerous Liaisons* (George Fenton). November: *Camelot*. December: *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* (Danny Elfman), *Amadeus* (I heard there's some good music in this).

Laserdiscs

The new *Patton* laserdisc features the original soundtrack by Jerry Goldsmith isolated in stereo underneath the documentary on side four. The music was supposed to be on the digital tracks, and the documentary on the analog (it's labeled this way), but it got flipped at the pressing plant.

Promos

Recent promotional CDs include *The Naked Face/Unman*, *Wittering and Zigo* (Michael J. Lewis), and *Living in Peril* (Randy Miller).

Intrada will prepare several promos on behalf of Craig Safan and Laurence Rosenthal. The first projects are *Wolfen: The Unused Score* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, respectively. There will be limited availability to collectors.

Super Collector has prepared a promotional CD of Robert Folk's score to *Nothing to Lose*. Their upcoming discs pressed on the behalf of the composers are *Wild Bill/The Two Jakes* (Van Dyke Parks), *Steel* (Mervyn Warren), *Bound* (Don Davis), *Tin Cup* (William Ross), and an expanded *Blue Thunder* (Arthur B. Rubinstein, never before on CD). Look for these from the specialty shops.

Recent/Upcoming Releases

There will be an Elmer Bernstein score album to *Hoodlum* on RCA/BMG, and a Jerry Goldsmith score album for *The Edge* on RCA/Victor. There will be a *Men in Black* score album, see Sony info.

There will *not* be a score album to *Batman and Robin* (Elliot Goldenthal) due to the disappointing performance of the film.

There will be a *Money Talks* song album on Arista, but it will not include any Lalo Schiffrin music. There are no plans yet for a score album.

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Quote of the Month

"That interview sucked! It was the same boring information... the interview online a couple of months ago was much better. I learned many cool Elman [sic] facts like he would order nuclear isotopes and try and make mutant bugs, and that he lived near polwer [sic] lines that he would use to blow up stuff."
 -comment on rec.music.artists. danny-elfman 8/10/97, about our Vol. 2 No. 4 Elfman cover.

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The Soundtrack Handbook

Is a six-page listing of mail order dealers, books, societies, etc. It is sent automatically to all subscribers or to anyone upon request.

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FILMS IN RELEASE

Title	Composer	Record Label
Air Bud	Brahm Wenger	Hollywood
Air Force One	Jerry Goldsmith	Varèse Sarabande
Conspiracy Theory	Carter Burwell	TVT
Contact	Alan Silvestri	Warner Bros.
Cop Land	Howard Shore	Milan
Event Horizon	Michael Kamen	London
Face/Off	John Powell	Hollywood
Free Willy 3: The Rescue	Cliff Eidelman	Varèse Sarabande
The Full Monty	Anne Dudley	RCA Victor
George of the Jungle	Marc Shaiman	Walt Disney
Good Burger	Stewart Copeland	Capitol
In the Company of Men	Karel Roessingh, Ken Williams II	
Kiss Me Guido	Randall Poster, sup.	DVB
Men in Black	Danny Elfman	Sony
Mrs. Brown	Stephen Warbeck	Milan
My Best Friend's Wedding	James N. Howard	Work/Sony
Nothing to Lose	Robert Folk	score promo
187	Chris Douridas, sup.	Icon
Paper Romance	Paul Grabowsky	
Picture Perfect	Carter Burwell	
Shall We Dance?	Yoshikazu Suo	
Spawn	Graeme Revell	Immortal/Epic
Steel	Mervyn Warren	Qwest
Ulee's Gold	Charles Engstrom	

Obituaries

Guitarist Narciso Yepes died in Murcia, Spain on May 3 at the age of 69. He composed scores for the French films *Forbidden Games* and *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*. He was also the developer of the ten-string guitar.

Daniel Mangoldt died of a heart attack on May 30, at the age of 46. Mangoldt was the publisher of *Soundtrack!* magazine in Belgium for many years. He was eulogized by *Soundtrack!* editor Luc Van de Ven in the Vol. 16, No. 62 (June 1997) issue.

Event

There will be film music goings-on at the

David Arnold's album of modern bands covering James Bond songs, *Shaken and Stirred*, is due in late September or October from a to-be-determined Warner Bros. label. (It will be out on East/West in the U.K.)

The album to Quentin Tarantino's *Jackie Brown* will be released on A Band Apart, a new label for Tarantino marketed through Madonna's Maverick label, on Warner Bros.

The U.K. label Sequel will release a Laurie Johnson CD comprised of his tracks on Pye Records in the '60s, including film themes *Dr. Strangelove* and *Beauty Jungle*, and many TV themes. (Laurie is a man.)

RCA Spain has released on CD Henry Mancini's *Experiment in Terror* (in stereo), *Combo* (stereo, non-film music), and Alex North's *The Rainmaker* (mono). They previously released *M Squad* (late '50s TV show, including a few early "Johnny" Williams jazz cuts), although strangely in mono.

An expanded edition of the *Transformers: The Movie* score (Vince DiCola) has been released as part of a 2CD set, *Til All Are One*, distributed at Botcon '97. One disc is the *Transformers* music; the other is a collection of Stan Bush songs. \$40 to BotCon '97 Merchandise, 602 Seagraves Ave, Kendallville IN 46755-2253; www.noblecan.org/~jhartman/tf/botcon97/merch.html.

Roger Bellon will release a second volume of his music to *Highlander: The Series* this summer. See www.bellchant.com.

Due in September from Prism Entertainment in the U.K., distributed by Empire Music in the U.S., are two theme compilation reissues: Michel Legrand's *Windmills of Your Mind* and Francis Lai: *Love Story*.

Record Label Round-Up

CDG

Coming is *Eve's Bayou* (Terence Blanchard). Label stands for agent Charles Ryan, agent David May, and composer George Fenton.

DRG

Due Sept. 15 is *The Ennio Morricone Singles Collection* (2CD set of material recorded for Cinevox between 1970-1981). Due October is *A Luciano Visconte Double Feature*, a single disc featuring two scores.

Fifth Continent

Due late 1997 are *The Night Digger* (Herrmann) and *The Best Years of Our Lives* (Friedhofer, expanded), remastered in DTS 5.1 Digital Surround.

GNP/Crescendo

Due Sept. is an album of sound effects from films such as *StarGate*, *Star Trek*, and *Poltergeist* (prod. Alan Howarth). Forthcoming are a *Godzilla* compilation of original

UPCOMING MOVIES

Two film music figures not known for composing are making their scoring debuts: Douglass Fake of Intrada Records has scored a low-budget feature, *Holly vs. Hollywood*, with a small orchestral ensemble, and Zomba Screen Music's David May is scoring *Shaking All Over* for director Dominique Forma. Fake has written several concert works; May is known as a top-notch jazz bass player.

MARK ADLER: *Starlin* (Ernest, Stanley and Livingston (Hallmark).

DAVID ARNOLD: *Tomorrow Never Dies* (title singer: Sheryl Crow), *Godzilla* (Emmerich/Devlin), *A Life Less Ordinary* (d. Danny Boyle).

LUIS BACALOV: *Polish Wedding*, *B. Monkey*.

ANGELO BADALAMENTI: *The Blood Oranges* (d. Philip Hoss).

DANNY BARNES: *The Newton Boys* (d. Linklater, with music by Barnes's band, The Bad Livers).

JOHN BARRY: *Swept from the Sea*, *Goodbye Lover*, *The Horse Whisperer* (Robert Redford).

STEVE BARTEK: *Meet the Doodies* (Disney).

MARCO BELTRAMI: *Scream 2*.

RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT: *Swann* (d. Anna B. Glyles), *Sweeney Todd* (d. John Schlesinger).

DAVID BERGAUD: *Prince Valiant* (Paramount).

ELMER BERNSTEIN: *Hoodlum* (gangsters), *The Rainmaker* (Francis Ford Coppola).

TERENCE BLANCHARD: *Eve's Bayou* (S. Jackson).

SIMON BOSWELL: *Photographing Fairies*, *American Perfekt*, *Dad Savage*, *Perdita Durango*.

BRUCE BROUGHTON: *Fantasia Continues* (transitions), *Krippendorf's Tribe* (Disney).

PAUL BUCKMASTER: *Most Wanted* (New Line), *The Maker* (Matthew Modine, d. Tim Hunter).

CARTER BURWELL: *Big Lebowski* (Coen Bros.), *The Jackal* (Bruce Willis).

GEORGE S. CLINTON: *Mortal Kombat: Annihilation*.

RAY COLCORD: *Heartwood* (Jason Robards).

ERIC COVIN: *Setting Son* (d. Lisa Satriano).

BILL CONTI: *Napoleon*.

MICHAEL CONVERTINO: *Shut Up and Dance*.

STEWART COPELAND: *Four Days in September* (d. Bertolucci), *Little Boy Blue*, *The Big Red*.

JOHN CORIGLIANO: *The Red Violin* (Samuel L. Jackson); includes original concert piece.

CHUCK D (from Public Enemy): *Allan Smithe Film*.

MYCHAEAL DANN: *Ice Storm*, *The Sweet Hereafter*.

JOHN DEBNEY: *I Know What You Did Last Summer*.

JOE DELIA: *The Blackout*.

ALEXANDRE DESPLAT: *The Revengers* (U.K.).

GARY DeMICHELE: *Ship of Fools* (d. Stanley Tucci, Campbell Scott).

PATRICK DOYLE: *Great Expectations* (d. Cuarón).

TAN DUN: *Fallen* (Denzel Washington); Tan Dun is a Chinese experimentalist composer.

RANDY EDELMAN: *6 Days/7 Nights* (d. Ivan Reitman, Harrison Ford/Anne Heche).

DANNY ELFMAN: *Flubber* (Robin Williams), *Good Will Hunting* (d. Gus Van Sant), *Superman* (d. Tim Burton), *Revenant* (d. Richard Elfman, vampires).

STEPHEN ENDELMAN: *Kicked in the Head*, *Shakespeare's Sister*.

DOUGLASS FAKE: *Holly vs. Hollywood*.

GEORGE FENTON: *Courtesan* (formerly *Venice*), *Object of My Affections* (Jennifer Aniston).

FRANK FITZPATRICK: *Players Club*.

MICK FLEETWOOD: *14 Palms*.

BRUCE FOWLER: *Mouse Hunt* (Dreamworks).

DAVID MICHAEL FRANK: *A Kid in Aladdin's Court*,

Cosmic Voyage (IMAX), *The Prince*.

JOHN FRIZZELL: *Alien: Resurrection*.

RICHARD GIBBS: *Music from Another Room*.

PHILIP GLASS: *The Truman Show* (Jim Carrey), *Bent*, *Kun Dun* (Scorsese).

NICK GLENNE-SMITH: *Home Alone 3*, *Fire Down Below* (Seagol).

ELLIOT GOLDENTHAL: *Sphere* (sci-fi), *The Butcher Boy* (d. Neil Jordan).

JERRY GOLDSMITH: *L.A. Confidential* (d. Curtis Hanson, '50s period), *The Edge* (Anthony Hopkins), *Deep Rising*, *Last in Space* (d. Stephen Hopkins), *U.S. Marshals* (The Fugitive 2), *Small Soldier* (d. Joe Dante).

JOEL GOLDSMITH: *Kull the Conqueror* (Kevin Sorbo), *StarGate* (Showtime), *Reasonable Doubt* (d. Randall Kleiser, Melanie Griffith).

HARRY GREGSON-WILLIAMS: *Liar* (Renée Zellweger), *The Barrowers*, *The Replacement Killers* (Mira Sorvino, Chow Yun-Fat).

LARRY GROUPE: *Storm of the Heart*, *Sinners* (w/ Kenneth Branagh), *Sleeping with the Lion*.

CHRIS HAJIAN: *Chairman of the Board* (Carrot Top).

MICKEY HART (from Grateful Dead): *Gang Related* (Tupac Shakur).

RICHARD HARTLEY: *Playing God* (David Duchovny), *A Thousand Acres* (Michelle Pfeiffer, Jessica Lange, Jennifer Jason Acers), *Curtain Call* (U.K.).

RICHARD HARVEY: *Jane Eyre* (U.K.).

LEE HOLDRIIDGE: *Family Plan* (Leslie Nielsen), *The Long Way Home* (Holocaust documentary), *The Secret of NIMH 2* (animated, MGM).

JAMES NEWTON HOWARD: *Devil's Advocate* (Al Pacino), *The Postman* (Kevin Costner).

JAMES HORNOR: *Titanic* (d. James Cameron, solo vocals by Sissel Kyrkjebøe), *Mighty Joe Young*, *The Mask of Zorro* (d. Martin Campbell).

SØREN HYLDGAARD: *Island of Darkness* (horror/thriller, Denmark-Norway), *Skyggen* (The Shadow, futuristic action thriller, Denmark), *The Other Side* (action-adventure, d. Peter Flinth), *The Boy and the Lynx* (Finland/U.S.), *Help I'm a Fish* (with songs).

MARK ISHAM: *Afterglow* (Nick Nolte, Julie Christie), *The Education of Little Tree* (d. Richard Friedenberg, period film), *Kiss the Girls* (serial killer drama); also TV themes and pilots, *Nothing Sacred* and *Michael Hayes*.

TREYOR JONES: *Dark City* (Alex Proyas), *The Mighty* (d. Peter Chelsom), *Desperate Measures* (d. Barbet Schroeder, Michael Keaton), *Lawn Dogs*, *Talk of Angels* (Miramax), *Frederic Wilde* (Fox, d. Richard Loncraine), *Plunkett & MacLaine* (PolyGram, d. Jake Scott—Ridley's son).

JAN A.P. KACZMAREK: *Washington Square* (remake of *The Heiress*).

MICHAEL KAMEN: *Winter Guest* (d. Alan Rickman), *The Avengers* (Uma Thurman).

BRIAN KEANE: *Ilthorn* (d. Nick Gomez), *Stephen King's Night Flier* (d. Mark Pavia).

ROLFE KENT: *The House of Yes* (Miramax), *Us Begins with You* (Anthony Edwards).

WILLIAM KIDD: *The King and I* (Morgan Creek, animated).

ANDREW ALLAN KING: *The Gingerbread Man* (d. Robert Altman).

CHRIS LERNERTZ: *The Art House* (parody on independent films; also music supervisor).

JOHN LURIE: *Excess Baggage* (Alicia Silverstone), *Clay Pigeons* (prod. Ridley Scott).

HUMMIE MANN: *The Rescuers Part II* (Paramount), *The Unknown Cyclist* (Lea Thompson), *Broke Down Palace* (d. Jonathan Kaplan).

BRICE MARTIN: *Depths of Grace*, *Eating L.A.*

DAVID MAY: *Shaking All Over* (d. Dominique Forma).

DENNIS MCCARTHY: *Letters from a Killer* (d. David Carson).

MARK MCKENZIE: *Lorca* (Andy Garcia).

JOEL MCNEELY: *Virus*, *Zack and Reba* (independent).

CYNTHIA MILLAR: *Digging to China* (d. Timothy Hutton, cond. Elmer Bernstein).

MIKE MILLS: *A Cool Dry Place* (Vince Vaughn, Joey Lauren Adams, with new song from R.E.M.).

PAUL MILLS: *Still Breathing* (d. Jim Robinson, Brendan Fraser).

ENNIO MORRICONE: *Lolita* (d. Adrian Lyne), *U-Turn* (d. Oliver Stone).

MARK MOTHERSBAUGH: *Best Men*, *Breaking Up*, *Rugrats: The Movie*.

DAVID NEWMAN: *Anastasia* (Fox, animated musical).

THOMAS NEWMAN: *Oscar and Lucinda*, *Red Corner* (Richard Gere).

MICHAEL NYMAN: *Gattaca* (sci-fi future film, w/ Uma Thurman, Ethan Hawke).

JOHN OTTMAN: *Incognito* (d. John Badham), *The Apt Pupil* (d. Bryan Singer, Ottman also editor).

VAN DYKE PARKS: *Oliver Twist* (Disney, Richard Dreyfuss, Elijah Wood), *Barney: The Movie*.

NICHOLAS PIKE: *Warrior of Waverly Street*.

BASIL POLEDOURIS: *Switchback* (formerly *Going West*), *Starship Troopers* (d. Paul Verhoeven).

RACHEL PORTMAN: *Home Fries*, *Beloved* (Jonathan Demme), *Legend of Mulan* (Disney animated).

JOHN POWELL: *Endurance* (U.K. documentary).

GRAEME REVELL: *Suicide Kings*, *Chinese Box*, *Phoenix* (d. Danny Cannon).

J. PETER ROBINSON: *Firestorm* (Fox).

PETER RODGERS MELNICK: *The Only Thrill* (Sam Shepherd, Diane Keaton).

WILLIAM ROSS: *A Smile Like Yours*.

PHILIPPE SARDE: *Mad City* (Dustin Hoffman).

LALO SCHIFRIN: *Something to Believe In*, *Tango*.

MARC SHAIMAN: *In and Out*, *My Giant* (Billy Crystal).

HOWARD SHORE: *The Game* (d. David Fincher), *Existence* (d. David Cronenberg), *Chinese Coffee* (d. Al Pacino).

ALAN SILVESTRI: *Tarzan: The Animated Movie* (Disney, songs by Phil Collins), *Holy Man*.

MARK SNOW: *Blackwood* (X-Files movie).

FREDERIC TALGORN: *Story of Monty Spinnerratz* (German, fantasy).

MICHAEL TAVERA: *Mr. Magoo* (Leslie Nielsen), *Rocket Man* (Disney).

ERNEST TROOST: *Carriers*, *Miracle in the Woods*.

CHRISTOPHER TYNG: *Bring Me the Head of Mavis Davis* (U.K. black comedy).

NERIDA TYSON-CHEW: *Fern Gully 2*.

C.J. VANSTON: *Edwards and Hunt*.

WENDY & LISA: *Soul Food*.

MERVYN WARREN: *The Kiss* (Jersey Films, Danny Devito/Queen Latifah).

DAVID WILLIAMS: *The Prophecy II* (horror).

JOHN WILLIAMS: *Seven Years in Tibet* (Brad Pitt, solo cello by Yo Yo Ma), *Amistad* (Spielberg), *Saving Private Ryan* (Spielberg).

PATRICK WILLIAMS: *The Tears of Julian Po* (Christian Slater, Fine Line).

DEBBIE WISEMAN: *Wilde* (film about Oscar Wilde).

PETER WOLF: *The Fearless Four* (German, animated).

GABRIEL YARED: *Les Misérables*.

CHRISTOPHER YOUNG: *The Man Who Knew Too Little* (Bill Murray), *Kluge* (thriller), *The Flood*.

HANS ZIMMER: *The Peacemaker* (Nicole Kidman, George Clooney, Dreamworks), *Prince of Egypt* (animated musical), *Old Friends* (James Brooks), *The Thin Red Line* (d. Terry Malick).

tracks, and *Greatest Sci-Fi Hits Volume 4* (Neil Norman and His Cosmic Orchestra).

Hollywood

American Werewolf in Paris will out on September 23.

Intrada

Nov. 18: *Last Stand at Sabre River* (Shire). Write for free catalog: 1488 Vallejo St., San Francisco CA 94109, 415-776-1333; members.aol.com/intradanet/intrada.htm.

JOS

Due in a month or two on John Scott's label are his scores for *The Mill on the Floss*, *The Scarlet Tunic* and *The Second Jungle Book: Mowgli and Baloo*.

Koch

Due early to mid-1998 are an Erich Wolfgang Korngold film music album (*Juarez, The Sea Wolf, The Sea Hawk, Elizabeth and Essex*) and a Miklós Rózsa concert album (cello concerto and piano concerto), recorded in New Zealand.

Marco Polo

Three CDs in the John Morgan/Bill Stromberg series of re-recordings are due in October: Bernard Herrmann: complete *Garden of Evil*, 13-minute suite from *Prince of Players*; Alfred Newman: *Hunchback of Notre Dame* (approx. 50 minutes), *Beau Geste* (20 minutes), *All About Eve* (3-4 minutes); and Max Steiner: complete *King Kong* (73 minutes). Also coming is a low-cost sampler of these albums.

Due early 1998: Philip Sainton's *Moby Dick* score (1956), including cues not used in the film; and Victor Young: *The Uninvited*, *Gulliver's Travels* (1939), *Bright Leaf*, *The Greatest Show on Earth*.

Milan

September 30: *Playing God* (various), *Kiss the Girls* (Mark Isham). October 14: *Most Wanted* (Paul Buckmaster). Milan will be issuing *Lolita* (new film, Ennio Morricone) when the movie finally comes out.

Motor

Due late Sept. from this German label is *Martin Böttcher: Sound Kaleidoscope* (compilation of late '60s/early '70s poppish film tracks).

CONCERTS

Delaware: October 4

Delaware Sym., Wilmington; *It's a Wonderful Life* (Tiomkin), *Psycho* (Herrmann)—great combination.

Illinois: November 22

Illinois Phil., Park Forest; *A President's Country* (Tiomkin).

Indiana: October 19

Evansville s.o.; *Twilight Zone* (Constant), *Psycho* (Herrmann).

Maine: October 18, 19

Portland s.o.; "Moon River" from *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Mancini).

Maryland: September 13

Hagerstown s.o.; *Gettysburg* (Edelman).

Massachusetts: November 9

Jewish Chamber Orch., Boston; *Psycho* (Herrmann).

Michigan: September 20

Southwest Michigan Sym., St. Joseph; recreation of 1947 concert featuring premiere of Korngold's Violin Concerto and Waxman's Carmen Fantasy (non-film pieces).

October 3, 4, 5

Detroit s.o., cond. John Mauceri; *Sunset Boulevard* (Waxman), *Vertigo* (Herrmann), *Kings Row* (Korngold), *Cleopatra* (North), *Ben-Hur* (Rózsa).

November 2

Southwest Michigan Sym., St. Joseph; space concert including *Cocoon*, *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*.

Missouri: October 30

St. Louis s.o.; *Psycho* (Herrmann).

Oregon: November 8, 9, 10

Oregon Sym., Portland; Korngold's Symphony in F# (to be recorded for CD).

Pennsylvania: all this fall at football

Temple University Band, Philadelphia; *Independence Day* (Arnold).

Tennessee: October 11

Belmont University, Nashville; *Henry V* (Doyle).

November 14, 15, 16

Memphis Sym.; *Sense and Sensibility* (world concert premiere of 17-minute suite, Doyle).

Texas: September 19, 20, 21

San Antonio Sym.; *The Alamo*, *Giant* (Tiomkin).

September 26, 27, 28

Houston s.o.; *Captain from Castile* (Newman) and more.

October 11

Marshall s.o.; *Out of Africa* (Barry).

Virginia: November 2

Roanoke s.o.; *Twilight Zone*

(Constant), *The Addams Family* (Mizzy/Shaiman).

Canada: September 30

Orchestra Symphonique de Quebec, Québec City; *Lawrence of Arabia* (Jarre), Nino Rota Medley, *Concerto Macabre* from *Hangover Square* (Herrmann).

France: December 7

Orchestra de Chambre Phil., Univ. Chermon-Ferrand; *Psycho* (Herrmann), complete score live to film, cond. Baudine Jam.

Bernstein by Bernstein

Elmer Bernstein will conduct a concert of his film music at the Royal Festival Hall, London, October 16. For a review of Bernstein's 75th birthday concert in Glasgow last April, see the "Film Score Daily" column for July 23, www.filmscoremonthly.com.

Dallas Symphony Goes Nuts

The Dallas Symphony will play a ton of film music in their October and November concerts at Northpark Mall. October 4: *Gone with the Wind* (Steiner), *Captain from Castile* (Newman), *The Raiders March* (Williams). October 10, 11: *Captain from Castile*, *Sunset Boulevard* (Waxman). October 21: *The Raiders March*. October 23: *Boy Who Could Fly* (Broughton), *Spirit of St. Louis* (Waxman), *Airplane!* (Bernstein, concert premiere), *Last Starfighter* (Safan), *Highway to Heaven* (Rose), *Air Force One* (Goldsmith). October 24, 25: *Dances with Wolves*, *Happy Trails* (Evans), *Silverado* (Broughton). November 14, 15, 16: *The Generals* (Patton/MacArthur, Goldsmith).

Fox Night at the Hollywood Bowl

John Mauceri will conduct the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra in a concert of all-20th Century Fox material on Sept. 20; *The Robe* (Newman), *Cleopatra* (North), *Anastasia* (David Newman, new feature), "The Hunt" from *Planet of the Apes* (Goldsmith), and many musicals. Call 213-850-2000 for Bowl information.

Star Wars in Japan

John Williams will conduct the Tokyo New Philharmonic at Shinjuku Culture Center, Tokyo, in a concert of music from the *Star Wars* Trilogy on November 29. This was organized by Yasu Kamio of the John Williams

Fan Club Japan (www.asahi-net.or.jp/~jfy6y-kmo/JWFC_home.html). Included in the concert is the theme Williams composed specifically for the fan club in 1993.

Ghent Film Festival Concert

There will be a film music concert (Dirk Brossé cond. BRTN Philharmonic Orchestra) during the 24th Flanders International Film Festival, Ghent, Belgium, on October 9, at the Flemish Opera House, a co-production of the Flanders Music Festival; *La Dolce Vita*, *La Strada*, *Fellini's Roma*, *8 1/2* (Rota), *Prince Valiant* (Waxman), *The Raiders March* (Williams), *Flight of the Intruder* (Poledouris), *Out of Africa* (Barry).

Doyle, Tiomkin in Seville

The Seville, Spain Film Music Festival will feature a concert of music by Patrick Doyle and Dimitri Tiomkin on November 6. Tiomkin: *The Alamo*, *Fall of the Roman Empire*, *55 Days in Peking*, *Giant*, *Gunfight at the OK Corral*, *Guns of Navarone*, *High Noon*, *Red River*, *Strangers on a Train*, *Circus World*; Doyle: *Sense and Sensibility*, *Hamlet*, *Frankenstein*, *Great Expectations*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Henry V*.

Schiffrin in Barcelona

Lalo Schiffrin will conduct the Orquestra Sinfonica de Barcelona in a film music concert on January 16, 17; music by Schiffrin, Williams, Mancini, Rota, Theodorakis, Morricone. www.obc.es/fr_tem.htm.

McNeely in Scotland

Joel McNeely will conduct the Royal Scottish National Philharmonic, Royal Concert Hall, Glasgow, in a film music concert on May 8, 1998.

Due to the lead time of this magazine, it is possible some of this information is too late to do any good. Please accept my sincere apologies.

This is a list of concerts with film music pieces. Contact the orchestra's box office for more information. Thanks go to John Waxman of Themes & Variations (<http://tnv.net>) for this list; he provides scores and parts to the orchestras.

For a list of silent film music concerts, see Tom Murray's web site: <http://www.cinemaweb.com/lcc>.

Nonesuch

Due when the movie comes out is Philip Glass's *Kun Dun* (Martin Scorsese Dalai Lama epic). More recordings in Nonesuch's film music series are to be announced.

Pendulum

Cocoon (James Horner) is out. Due September 30: *Big Top Pee Wee* (Danny Elfman, CD reissue), *Clash of the Titans* (Laurence Rosenthal, but unfortunately not expanded) and *Dune: The Original Score* (the film's music as originally conceived by David Paich and Toto, plus the demos that got them the job). The first 5,000 *Dune* units will have an 8-page booklet and limited-edition picture disc.

Play It Again

Play It Again's 2CD set of rare John Barry arrangements 1959-64, *The Hits and the Misses*, will be out this December along with Geoff Leonard and Pete Walker's book, *The Music of John Barry*. A fourth volume of *The A to Z of British TV Themes* is also scheduled. See www.auracle.com/pia.

PolyGram

Due September 9: *The Game* (Howard Shore), *Going All the Way* (various). October 14: *Swept from the Sea* (formerly *Amy Foster*, John Barry). November 4: *One Night Stand* (Mike Figgis, source cues by Nina Simone).

Premier

The Manchurian Candidate (1962, David Amram, first ever release) will be out this November.

Prometheus

Next from Belgium is a *Warriors of Virtue* (Don Davis) score CD.

Razor & Tie

Due January 20 are CD reissues of *What's New Pussycat?* (Burt Bacharach) and *A Fistful of Dollars* (Ennio Morricone).

Rhino

Sept 16: *Zabriskie Point* (1970 rock soundtrack, 2CD set). October 7: *Casablanca* (original soundtrack, including newly discovered outtakes). See www.rhino.com.

A Volume 2 is in the works of *The Simpsons: Songs in the Key of*

Springfield (Alf Clausen), to be released March/April 1998.

Silva Screen

Due Sept. are two newly recorded compilations: *Crimson Pirate: Swashbucklers of the Silver Screen* and *The Mark of Zorro: Swords-men of the Silver Screen*. In the

disc two is the first CD release of the documentary *Inside Star Trek*, narrated by Gene Roddenberry.

SouthEast

Coming up for the rest of this year are *Maniac* (Jay Chattaway, enhanced CD, shape CD, and red vinyl LP), *Within the Rock* (Rod

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir (1947, first release of original tracks). Many more albums in the Fox series are planned, but no specific titles have been announced yet.

In Varèse's series of new recordings by producer Robert Townson (Royal Scottish National Orchestra, unless noted), forthcoming are

1996-97 EMMY NOMINATIONS

Outstanding Music Composition for a Series (Dramatic Underscore): *The Cape*, pilot, Louis Febre, John Debney; *Early Edition*, "The Choice," W.G. Snuffy Walden; *Orleans*, pilot, David Langley Hamilton; *The X-Files*, "Paper Hearts," Mark Snow; *Xena: Warrior Princess*, "Destiny," Joseph Lo Duca.

Outstanding Music Composition for a Miniseries or a Special (Dramatic Underscore): *After Jimmy*, Patrick Williams; *Calm at Sunset*, Ernest Troost; *Quicksilver Highway*, Mark Mothersbaugh; *True Women*, Bruce Broughton; *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles: Travels with Father*, Laurence Rosenthal.

Outstanding Music and Lyrics: *Boo! to You Too*, Winnie the Pooh, "I Wanna Scare Myself," Michael Silversher, Patty Silversher; *Centennial Olympic Games: Opening*

Ceremonies, "The Power of the Dream," David Foster, Kenneth "Babyface" Edmonds (music), Linda Thompson (lyrics); *Centennial Olympic Games: Opening Ceremonies*, "Faster, Higher, Stronger," Mark Watters (music), Lorraine Feather (lyrics); *Mrs. Santa Claus*, "Mrs. Santa Claus," Jerry Herman; *The Simpsons*, "We Put the Spring in Springfield" from "Bart After Dark," Alf Clausen (music), Ken Keeler (lyrics).

Outstanding Music Direction: *The 69th Annual Academy Awards*, Bill Conti; *Bette Midler: Diva Las Vegas*, Bobby Lyle; *Centennial Olympic Games: Opening Ceremonies*, Mark Watters; *The 53rd Presidential Inaugural Gala*, Ian Fraser; *The Simpsons*, Simpsoncalifragilisticexpiali (Annoyed Grunt) cious, Alf Clausen.

Outstanding Main Title Theme Music: *The Cape*, John Debney; *Crisis Center*, Danny Lux; *Dark Skies*, Michael Hoenig; *Early Edition*, W.G. Snuffy Walden; *EZ Streets*, Mark Isham.

U.K. these will be combined into one 2CD set, *Swashbucklers*.

SLC

Due Sept. 26 are Japanese editions of *Inventing the Abbots* (Kamen) and *Addicted to Love* (Portman). Due October is *La Califfa* (Ennio Morricone) and *Francis Lai: 30 Ans de Musique de Films 1966-1996*.

Sony

Sony Soundtrax will issue a 42-minute score CD to *Men in Black* (Danny Elfman) this November, to coincide with the video release.

Upcoming on Sony Classical: September 30: *Seven Years in Tibet* (John Williams; Yo Yo Ma, cello). October 14: *Mister Kamen's Opus*, a new recording of Michael Kamen's film themes conducted by the composer. October 28: *Liberty!* (various). November 18: *Titanic* (James Horner). December: *The Red Violin* (John Corigliano; Joshua Bell, violin).

Sony's expanded *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* (Jerry Goldsmith) has been approved by Paramount, although still no release date is set. It will be a 2CD set: disc one will have the expanded TMP, while

Gammons and Tony Fennell, enhanced CD), and *Fear No Evil* (Frank LaLoggia, enhanced CD).

Super Tracks

Still coming: *First Kid* (Gibbs) and *Dragonball Z* (kids cartoon).

Varèse Sarabande

Out are *Mimic* (Marco Beltrami) and a new jazz score by 82 year-old Pete Rugolo, *This World, Then the Fireworks*. Due September 9: *Kull the Conqueror* (Joel Goldsmith) and *Sondheim at the Movies*, a new recording including previously unreleased film material. Due October: *Prime Time Musicals*, a new recording of songs from musicals written for television, and 1941 (John Williams, CD reissue, no extra music).

In the Fox Classic Series, overseen by Bruce Kimmel with albums produced by Nick Redman, *Planet of the Apes* and *Journey to the Center of the Earth* should be out. Due September 23 are Jerry Goldsmith's *The Mephisto Waltz* (1971) coupled with *The Other* (1972), and Bernard Herrmann's

six albums, conducted by the composer unless noted: *The Sand Pebbles* (Jerry Goldsmith), *Torn Curtain* (Bernard Herrmann, cond. Joel McNeely), *The Magnificent Seven* (Elmer Bernstein), *The Great Escape* (Bernstein), *Citizen Kane* (Herrmann, cond. McNeely), and *Out of Africa* (John Barry, cond. McNeely, including unreleased cues and the Adagio from the Mozart piece used in the film). Two of these will be out in October; however, it has yet to be determined which two.

Walt Disney

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track restorations are imminent: *Dumbo* (expanded), *The Lady and the Tramp* (songs remixed in stereo), and *The Jungle Book* (expanded). Planned for January are expanded editions of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Peter Pan*.

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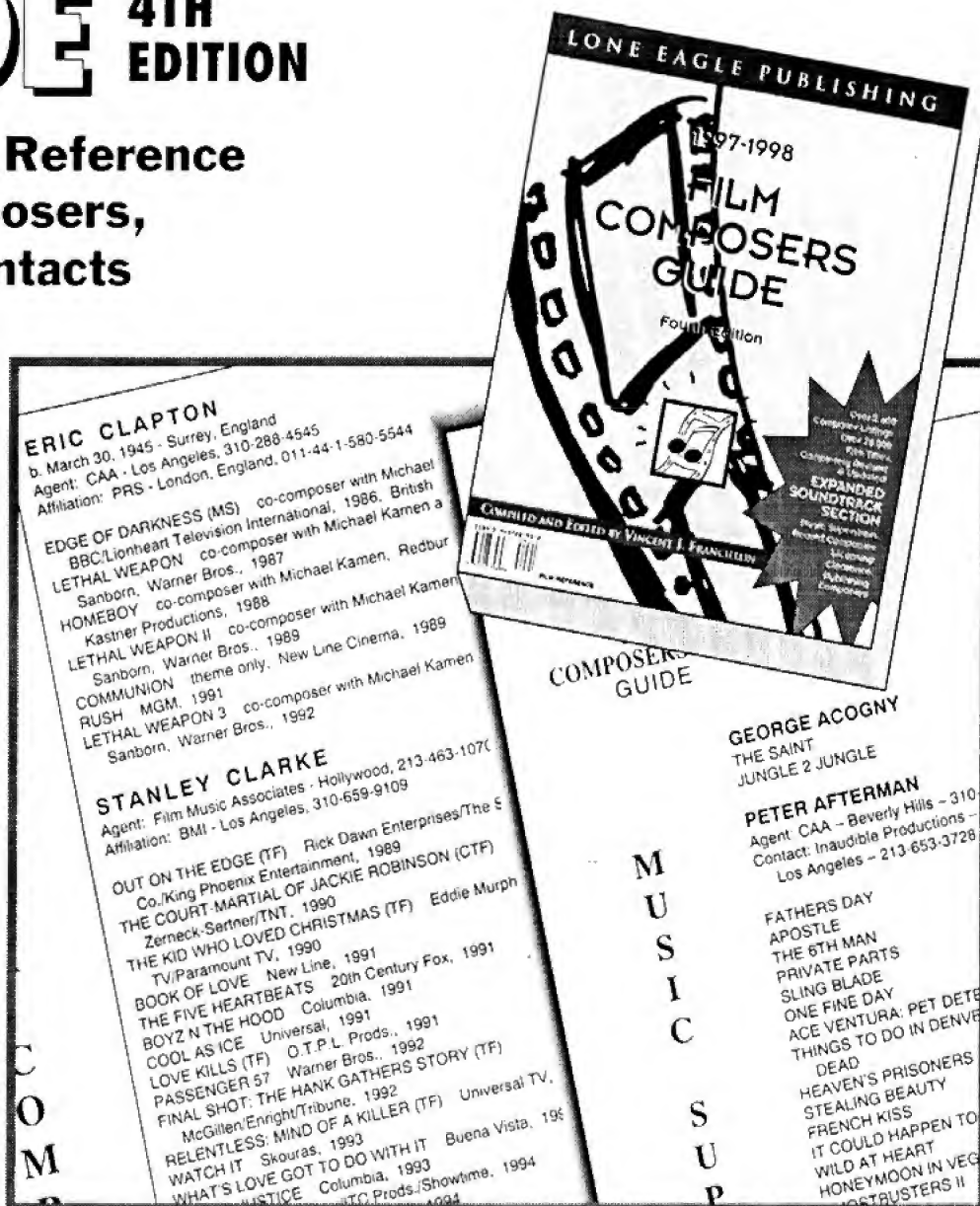
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Letters from Readers

Concertized Goldsmith

...I attended the Jerry Goldsmith concert with the San Jose Pops in April after reading about it in your magazine. I figured it was the closest to Reno he was ever going to get, so I talked a friend into driving us up. I went with some pretty high expectations and I can only say I wish I hadn't gone.

It was severely disappointing. I was aware that Goldsmith arranged some of his pieces to conform to more pops-like aesthetic standards but I never imagined they could be so offensive. It was a slap in the face to hear minor-key themes transposed to their happy, upbeat, major-key counterparts. It's not that I don't like major key music, it's just that if you're listening to Goldsmith, 90% of the time you're not listening to real happy music.

By the time intermission rolled around we actually contemplated splitting, even after driving four hours to get there. We stayed, and lucky for us the second half was better. The music was generally still sweetened with melodramatic flourishes and crescendos but it was a bit more enjoyable.

The most interesting part of the concert was the interplay between the orchestra and Goldsmith which, if you paid attention, was really inhospitable. I saw the concert on Sunday, the last of three days for the group, and I don't know if it was because of the back-to-back concerts, but you could tell the orchestra did not like playing Goldsmith's music at all. There was greatly sarcastic asides toward them from Goldsmith all night. At the end of the performance, the orchestra overtly refused to applaud for Goldsmith and grudgingly performed an encore. It was a weird slant on the afternoon and one I didn't expect, but I tried to put myself in the orchestra musicians' shoes: they're used to playing classical music and then some Hollywood guy comes in with some film scores (not even some of his better ones but ones that have been altered) and he tries to parade them as concert hall-worthy pieces. They're saying, "Yeah, right buddy."

Anyway, it was an enjoyable afternoon but also a major letdown. On the great debate about whether or not film music should be allowed as serious music in the concert hall, no, not if it

means bastardizing it ridiculously like that. Then again, most of the audience—a good 85%—was much older and they would probably have been startled to death by more hardcore Goldsmith pieces. So, it's a catch-22. I, personally, am never going to another one again, not of film music anyway.

I just thought I had a concert-going experience that was out of the norm, considering that everyone else who goes to one of these things writes a glorious review about how wonderful everything was, right down to the corny humor that Goldsmith delivers, which he does very poorly. The experience wasn't enough to destroy my interest in film music, it just gave me an insightful reality check on popular opinion of this crazy music we listen to.

Holland Stewart
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The Lost Opinion

...I had a dissenting opinion on *The Lost World*, which is one of the best movies I've seen. The notion that it was a "soulless money machine" is stupid and wrong. True, the wonderstruck Spielberg movie is probably a thing of the past, but *The Lost World* is a well-designed action movie that does what it was intended to do: it kicks.

John Williams's gleaming juggernaut of a score is, together with *Nixon*, his best work in the '90s. The uplifting "Hammond/Jurassic Park" theme was beautifully deconstructed, trounced by the forces of chaos: except for brief back references, it serves no purpose in the *Lost World*, where nature rules. Williams's contemporary writing recalls vintage scores like *Black Sunday* and the wild atonal parts of *Close Encounters* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, as well as the chaotic soundscapes blasting through Oliver Stone's *Born on the Fourth of July* and *JFK*. I call it Black Rock music, because it reminds me of the black slab in *2001*: symbolic of what cannot yet be defined.

FSM NEEDS YOUR LETTERS!
Respond to a topic here, start your own—anything you want.

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The Schiffrin-esque *Dirty Harry* bongofjazz cues for the Tyrannosaurus and Raptor attacks are brilliant for supplying a sense of stylish elan to the set-pieces which we've all come to see in the first place, as if we're part of the gag. Show music. There's no real drama to the scenes, just tremendous expectation met with a casually thrilling payoff. Perhaps a more traditional scoring approach would have been overkill. On a metacinematic level, the Schiffrin connection kicks into place in the Raptors-attacking-the-shed scene, which resembles *Enter the Dragon* when Bruce Lee's sister is menaced by bad guys from both sides of a wooden shed.

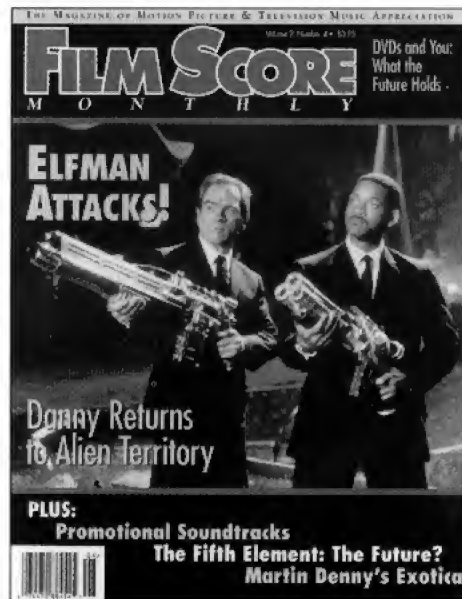
The Lost World could be the first commercial picture in which nature is a protagonist and not something to be overcome. The majority of Spielberg's films are about relatable people in contact with vaster forces guiding them into their respective destinies. Here the characters come to a sense of non-romanticized understanding and respect for the natural world.

Other filmmakers have been mercenary artisans (John Huston directing as if on safari), or like Kurosawa, have forged an Olympian overview of mortal activity; I see no reason to ignore these qualities in *The Lost World*. Perhaps great movies exhilarate for prompting us to see the world in improved new ways. Unlike *Schindler's List*, or *The English Patient*, or *Pulp Fiction*, or most any other official masterwork, this movie made me glad to be alive.

Michael Ware
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On my planet, while there might have been an interesting movie in The Lost World, it was encased within horrendous clichés and uninvolved action sequences. Like so many movies today, it was this strange, undead thing, lurching about like a hyperactive zombie—an embodiment of postmodern culture, not art. Much of Spielberg's work has involved an object of nature or primitive culture which is disturbed by the modern world, and then wisely returned: i.e., the Indiana Jones movies and E.T.

The problem with Williams's returning to modernist orchestral techniques ("Black Rock music") for the chaos of The Lost World is that they are no longer evocative of the "Lacanian Real." Instead, they evoke a lot of other, mostly lesser movies. What was interesting was how Williams, through his King Kong homages, seemed to acknowledge how



we can only understand something as far-out as dinosaurs through our past cinematic experiences.

Foxy Celebration

...I was heartened to learn that Fox's long-delayed Classic Series will be given a new lease on life by Varèse Sarabande. Undoubtedly Messrs. Redman and Kimmel have many scores they'd like to release, but I hope they give strong consideration to Alex North's epic *Cleopatra* (1963). At nearly two and a half hours, it is one of the most elaborate film scores ever written. A 2CD package along the lines of Rhino's *Ben-Hur* and *Gone with the Wind* (or RCA's *Star Wars* albums) is the only way to do this magnificent score justice. So, with the 35th anniversary of the film rapidly approaching, how about it?

Bill Powell
2007 Gerda Terrace
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Unfortunately, Varèse does not have access to the titles previously released on 20th Century Fox Records—including *Cleopatra*—as Fox sold its record catalog to PolyGram in 1982. However, PolyGram would not have the rights to do any extra music. What a pisser.

...It was a joyous moment to read the news that the Fox Classic Series will be revived on Varèse Sarabande, but especially that the complete score to *Planet of the Apes* and a suite from *Escape from the Planet of the Apes* will be the first released. I literally yelled out loud, "Life is worth living!"

I was nine years old in 1968 when I

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bought the original Project 3 album of Jerry Goldsmith's score. I listen to the Intrada CD now, but to hear the complete score in sequential order will be a dream come true. *Planet* will always be my favorite film because no other movie will ever floor me the way that one did. Movies work best on kids, and it's the only reason I ever wish I could be a kid again. The Academy blew it that year when they awarded the Oscar to John Barry's *The Lion in Winter*.

As a big Goldsmith fan, I don't agree with your ranking (Vol. 2, No. 3, p. 27) of Goldsmith's scores in terms of the quality of the films. I prefer to think in terms of how well the score supports the movie. In that respect *Planet* is the best. *Papillon* is next because the lush, beautiful score makes the picture seem more important than it actually is. (When I make a mental picture of what a literal adaptation of Pierre Boulle's original *Planet of the Apes* novel might look and feel like, it's Goldsmith's *Papillon* I hear.) In descending order from there would be: *The Wind and the Lion*, *Hour of the Gun*, *The Omen*, *Patton*, *Chinatown*, *Islands in the Stream* and *The Sand Pebbles*.

I am not such a Goldsmith devotee that I think everything he does is great. I don't understand what's so great about *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*—it's gimmicky at best and bland at worst. It helps the movie along, but it doesn't elevate it the way Goldsmith's music for *Hour of the Gun* improves such a muddled western. (Goldsmith was set to do *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* when Franklin Schaffner grabbed him for *Patton*. How many out there agree that *Beneath* would be a better film with a Goldsmith score?)

I do agree with the consensus that Goldsmith isn't producing the great scores he once did. My answers to the question "what's happened to Jerry Goldsmith?": (1) He's old—he's been

there, done that. He's outlived many of his collaborators (i.e. Frank Schaffner), and I suspect he has little respect for many of the young bloods in movies now. (2) He's cashing in on his reputation big time. To which I add—go for it! You deserve every buck you can get.

But the third and most likely explanation is that they don't give composers enough time to do the best possible job. I contend that a great score can't be written in less than two months—and all that time the compos-

er should have a complete cut of the film. I further contend that a composer of Goldsmith's prestige isn't going to take an assignment seriously if they don't give him the time to do it right. Nor should he. Yes, I'm arguing in favor of hack work. (And a lot of Goldsmith's work in recent years has been hack work—better than average, but hack work just the same.) Only in this way can a message be sent to the industry, and you out there who think a score is crap should scream about it. (Send more letters to FSM!) It's only when the shit hits the fan that Americans do anything about it anyway.

I'll end by adding that as bland as Goldsmith's newer scores have been, I'll be very sad when the day comes that there's never again a new Goldsmith score. Long live Jerry Goldsmith.

Rory Monteith

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Evening at Rózsa's

...Thank you for the recent articles devoted to Dr. Miklós Rózsa (Vol. 2, No. 3). In 1954, when I was 14 and living in Detroit, I was "going steady with Eddie," the boy who lived upstairs. Eddie's mother had a 78 rpm copy of Mario Lanza's "Lygia" from *Quo Vadis*? So Eddie, my first love, unwittingly introduced me to Dr. Rózsa, whose music I would love for more than four decades.

In January, 1971, when I was nearly 31, I met my film music mentor, Frank Squires. It was Frank who helped me secure a copy of the 10" version of *Quo Vadis*? (MGM E103). Frank passed away on January 13, 1978. When I was asked by Frank's family to write and deliver the eulogy, I worked with Tom Null and Dub Taylor, who provided the music for the memorial (Rózsa's "To Everything There Is a Season," "Amazing Grace," and Waxman's "A Place in the Sun").

Following this, a year or so later, Tom asked me if I would compose liner notes for the Varèse Sarabande LP of *John Paul Jones*. This eventuated in a visit to Dr. Rózsa's home in the Hollywood hills, in order to gather some anecdotes about Dr. Rózsa's close friend, Max Steiner.

It was one of the highlights of my life. The consummate old-world gentleman, Dr. Rózsa served tea and light vituals to Tom, Dub and me. Thanks to "Eddie, My Love," and to Tom, I was able to share my 25 year-old love affair with Dr. Rózsa's music, with the composer himself!

So thanks, FSM, for the coverage and inclusion of the early photo of Dr. Rózsa, circa *Double Indemnity*. Even Eddie never looked so good!

Jeanne J. Jones

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Van Nuys CA 91407

Random Complaining

...Everybody is being too hard on Hans Zimmer. His cues for *The Rock* were appropriate for the fast-paced action flick, and blended well with those of Nick Glennie-Smith. Although this time around Zimmer used his *Crimson Tide* style, he has proven himself talented over the years, like with his beautiful score for *The Lion King*.

Am I the only one disappointed with John Williams's work lately? Andy Dursin's "Best Score of 1996" choice of *Sleepers* (Vol. 2, No. 2) is shocking. *Sleepers* belongs on the disappointments list with Elfman's *Frighteners* and Goldenthal's *A Time to Kill*. And how about *The Lost World*? Williams hardly used his beautiful "Jurassic" theme. I know there's such a thing as overusing a theme in a sequel. However, if the theme isn't used much, the gaps should be filled with original music that stands well alone. Danny Elfman did this wonderfully with *Mission: Impossible*. I will admit that Williams's new theme is creative, and works well with the island sequences because of its jungle-like mood. However, because of this it couldn't be used in the San Diego sequences. Williams filled that time with simple background music and nothing more.

I hope John Williams's creative slump is temporary. I am a big fan. But can you imagine if he does this with the *Star Wars* theme in the new trilogy?

Jonathan Hinkle

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Lewistown PA 17044-2551

...As much as I appreciate the good things in your magazine, there are some things that drive me up a wall! What dismays me is the negativism that has crept into your own reviews. I agree with your editorial in the May '97 issue, that we need much more substantive criticism of film scores. It's the attitude that bothers me.

It seems that whenever the opportunity presents itself, you launch volleys against fans who are simply that—fans, not scholars. Your comments about *Independence Day* are like Royal S. Brown whining about *Star Wars*. How many people who were attracted to orchestral music by *Star Wars* or *Independence Day* have now added Korngold and Steiner to their collections (as well as Beethoven and Tchaikovsky)? Film scores are a great entree to classical and orchestral music. And to those who listen to *Independence Day* and think it's the greatest thing ever and never listen to anything else, I find it sad—but anything is better than country/western, isn't it?

John Schuermann

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Not for the people who like country/western. John also expressed his gratitude for our Kentucky Fried Movie, Swarm and Legend of Lone Ranger quotes.

...Is John Walsh attempting humor saying it's a "dirty secret" that *On the Waterfront* is overrated ("Mail Bag," Vol. 2, No. 2)? All this time I thought it was one of my favorite scores. In the opening shot Terry Malloy and the Friendly gang walk from their waterfront office. Leonard Bernstein's percussion is savage and violent, quickly joined by jazzy stabbing winds, against what is basically just some dudes walking (not unlike Rózsa's opening to *The Killers*). If you consider this mickey mousing, then so is the *Psycho* shower scene. As for weepy and overblown, let's look at more of 1954's output: *Caine Mutiny*, *Country Girl*, *High and the Mighty*, *Three Coins in a Fountain*... fine scores but gee, *Waterfront's* quiet solo horn main title seems kinda subtle. This is urban Americana, at times poetic, moving, harsh—a dance maybe, but not "Broadway."

I second J.D. Smith's plea for a CD of TV's *Superman*, probably the best library music ever written—well ahead of its time (especially the eerie first-sea-

son work of Herschel Burke Gilbert, Joe Mullendore, Herb Taylor and others). I was fortunate to pick up tapes several years ago from Vintage Sound-Trak out of N.Y. This would be a perfect project for Paul Mandell's Retrosonic Records who did such an excellent job on *Plan 9 from Outer Space*.

Best score of 1996: John Scott's *Walking Thunder*. Somebody give this guy a movie! This is a highly talented major composer at his peak, one of the three or four best currently working, with an inspirational well that runs deep. Numerous composers of "big" films should note his ability to develop themes. So should tin-eared producers.

Larry Blamire
21 Harding Ave
Belmont MA 02178-4412

...Nothing is more annoying than watching a movie late at night on TV and having the soundtrack off-key and messed up. But what happened in May '97 on a big cable network, American Movie Classics (AMC), when they presented Eugene Lourie's 1959 pic *The Giant Behemoth*, was unforgivable. Edwin Astley gave us a fine, creepy score, a solid asset to the film, the second in a trilogy of monster epics Lourie made, between *Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* and *Gorgo*. Today, *The Giant Behemoth* holds up as a nifty, eerie morality play on the dangers of radiation in the modern world.

AMC's presentation of the film destroyed a good chunk of its charm. The whole music soundtrack from beginning to end was left in a washing machine and spun around 500 times. It was completely out of synch—I've heard better sounds from a warped vinyl LP that was left on a hot radiator.

I feel AMC owes the viewers an explanation for this abomination, for sure since their station is on pay cable.

Dan Somber
4190 Bedford Ave Apt 4J
Brooklyn NY 11229

Yes, this certainly ruined my May. The fault may lie with whatever company provided the master to AMC.

Morricone vs. Nicolai II

...Responding to Alex Zambra's letter (Vol. 2, No. 3), Ennio Morricone and Bruno Nicolai were roughly the same age and studied music composition and theory together. Naturally, some integration of styles and sounds took place.

Some people have always claimed

that Nicolai was the better composer while Morricone was the master of orchestral arrangement. I disagree and have always admired both composers, even though I felt that Nicolai tended to mimic Morricone's style which contributed to their complete and decisive split. The fact that Morricone did not attend the funeral of his former colleague said it all.

While visiting Nicolai at his Edi Pan studios in Rome (circa 1980), I told him that many persons in the U.S. thought that he and Morricone were one and the same. Nicolai rolled his eyes and glanced over to Franco DeGemini (harmonica player supreme) and said, "Continua, continua" (translated as "The goddamn lie continues on"). Despite my youthful transgression, Nicolai did give me a free LP and even autographed it for me.

While it is true that Morricone's sound did change following the split, this is easily explained. First, Morricone decided to conduct the vast majority of his scores in order to retain full artistic control, and perhaps less time was now available for composing. Second, following the death of his father, Morricone took a break from film scoring and it took a year or two before he became fully active again. Third, Morricone was sick and tired of writing for westerns, refusing all such assignments (and his westerns always had exceptional melodies and orchestrations). Fourth, Morricone began to phase out the use of soloists, both orchestral and vocal, in his music which lent it a more serious and, perhaps, repetitive sound.

I've always preferred the pre-1975 Morricone sound but also appreciate many of his latter scores, including *Un Genio, due Compari, un Pollo, Attenti al Buffone, 1900, L'Eredita Ferramonti, Rene la Canne, La Cage aux Folles, Days of Heaven, Dedicato al Mare Egeo, 122 Rue de Provence, Il Prato*, and many others... all composed and conducted without Nicolai. Morricone's vast musical output speaks for itself, and please don't compare his earlier work (done when the Italian cinema was vital and dynamic) with the compositions written 30 years later. The "older" stuff will generally always be preferred, but it's amazing that Morricone continues to write so many film and television scores.

Gary W. Radovich
136 Clearstream Ave
Valley Stream NY 11580

A Watched Movie Never Boils

...I would like to expand on Jeff Eldridge's letter on tempo (Vol. 2, No. 2). I think John Barry's comments stem more from capturing the character of a film and how that relates to tempo more than anything else.

Take the buffalo hunting sequence from *Dances with Wolves*. The music's tempo is neither fast nor slow; it implies beauty and respect rather than danger and action. The whole movie characterizes the symbiotic relationship between Nature and the Native Americans. The buffalo provides food, clothing, and many other things for the tribe—hence, there is respect for the buffalo. Barry scored the sequence with a tempo that reflected the beauty of that relationship; had the tempo been quicker, the scene would have taken on an action-like ambience like that of an Indiana Jones film.

But what about the Exodus scene in *The Ten Commandments*? The film characterizes the role of the Chosen One (Moses) in the freeing of the Jews from their slavery in Egypt as a great historical event—one that commands respect from anyone who values freedom and deplores oppression. It is a film that presents the life of an historic figure and has to stick to "the facts" as closely as possible, so it could be perceived as a documentary-of-sorts, which could be boring to those uninterested in that particular person's life. A part of that person's life (40 years) was spent in the desert... how do you keep an audience's interest during this period of the film, especially after the parting of the Red Sea?

Bernstein scored the Exodus scene with a quicker tempo to keep the audience interested. If he scored it with a slower tempo, perhaps the audience would have felt the agony of thousands of people trudging across the desert. Instead, his quicker tempo allowed more of "the facts" to be put into the story so it was as complete as possible, and an arguably great film was made.

In summary, tempo is dictated by the character of a film, which is dictated by the director and/or composer.

Michael Karoly
787 Addy Rd
Columbus OH 43214

I think slower tempos tend to work when your mind is already speeding up the pace of the film with anticipation. A John Barry score to The Ten Commandments would be interesting! •

READER POLL

It's time for some completely statistically flawed sampling of readers' likes and dislikes. Please participate!

Clip or Copy the Following (there's only an ad on the back)

- (1) Age (optional) _____
- (2) Approximate size of soundtrack collection _____
- (3) Favorite Soundtrack of All Time. (up to 5 nominations accepted)

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- (6) Favorite Film Composer Since 1990. (up to 5 nominations)

- (7) What soundtracks currently not available, or only available on promo or bootleg CD, would you like to see on legitimate CD? (up to 5 nominations)

- (8) What suggestions do you have to improve *Film Score Monthly*?

Send your responses by Oct. 1 to:

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Ryan Pominville (628 7th St N, Hudson WI 54016) is looking
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Alex Zambra (5644 Lawndale, Houston TX 77023, ph: 713-
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Dave Sorensen (805-652-0624) has for auction: *The Serpent*
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Wanted: *No Escape* (Revell), *Alive* (Howard), *Curly Sue*
(Deleue), *Article 99* (Elfman).



REMEMBERING Tony Thomas

by Lukas Kendall

There are a lot of people who brand themselves as "film music historians." Tony Thomas actually was one. He had an amazing knowledge of films and film music, and almost singlehandedly brought recognition to the art in the early 1970s. Take one look at your soundtrack collection: Tony's name is on countless LPs and CDs, as producer and liner notes author. If you only have more contemporary titles, know that Tony's influence shaped the fact that is such a thing as film score recordings today.

It is no doubt coming as a shock that Tony has passed away. Although he had been ill for some time, details of his health were not well known and he continued work until the end. His death, a few weeks shy of his 70th birthday, marks the end of an era: for as long as anybody can remember, as long as there has been anyone interested in film music, there has been Tony Thomas, the foremost expert on Golden Age scores who put his money where his mouth was—although what came out of his mouth was to be treasured more than a lot of other people's money.

Over 120 people attended a memorial service for Thomas on July 12, 1997, at the Beverly Garland Hotel in North Holly-

wood, CA. The service was organized by composer Linda Danly, one of Tony's closest friends, who held a reception afterwards at her North Hollywood home. Assisting were soundtrack album producer Marilee Bradford, and journalist Jon Burlingame, who compiled the entrance and exit music from the Korngold, Waxman, Rózsa, Newman and other Golden Age scores which Thomas loved so much. In addition to the speakers named below, in attendance were Hollywood Bowl conductor John Mauceri, composers Fred Steiner and Fred Karlin, agent Richard Kraft, Varese Sara-

bande's Robert Townson and Bruce Kimmel, Monstrous Movie Music's David Schecter and Kathleen Mayne, the Marco Polo conductor/producer team of John Morgan and Bill Stromberg, and dozens of friends and admirers.

Acting as master of ceremonies, a role so often performed by Thomas, was fellow Brit and soundtrack producer Nick Redman. A blow-up of the above photograph of Tony in his younger days was set on an easel on stage, the lights dimmed appropriately. Few in attendance knew Tony at that time, when he was a dashing young journalist, prompting Redman

Tony Thomas 1927-1997

The following obituary was prepared by Jon Burlingame at the request of the Thomas family, and printed in such publications as Variety, The Los Angeles Times, and The New York Times.

Author, producer and broadcaster Tony Thomas died at 3PM Tuesday, July 8, at Providence Saint Joseph Medical Center, Burbank, of complications from pneumonia. He was 69.

One of Hollywood's preeminent film historians, Thomas was the author of 30 books, produced more than 50 albums of music, and produced many documentaries for television. His distinguished voice was among the best-known in the industry, heard annually as the announcer on the televised *The Kennedy Center Honors* and *American Film Institute Salutes*.

Thomas was born July 31, 1927 near Portsmouth, England, the son of a bandmaster in the Royal Marines, and moved to Canada at the age of 18.

He became an announcer for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1948. Eventually he became a writer-pro-

ducer for CBC radio, specializing in programs about his first love: Hollywood and the movie business. He later served as writer and host of the CBC television series *As Time Goes By* and as a panelist on the series *Flashback*.

Thomas moved to Los Angeles in 1966. His many books included *Music for the Movies*, *The Films of 20th Century-Fox*, *The Hollywood Musical*, *The Busby Berkeley Book*, biographies of Errol Flynn and Joel McCrea, and a number of entries in Citadel's *Films Of...* series, including chronicles of the film careers of Marlon Brando, Gene Kelly, Henry Fonda and James Stewart.

An expert on movie music, Thomas produced dozens of albums of classic film scores by all of the great composers of Hollywood history, including Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Alfred Newman and Miklós Rózsa, as well as records of many of their compositions for the concert hall.

Thomas was one of the founders of the Society for the Preservation of Film Music and served for many years on its advisory board. His widely acclaimed *Music for the Movies*, published in 1973, was the

first serious appraisal of the history of film music. A revised and updated edition is scheduled for paperback release this fall.

He was a writer for the Academy Awards shows in 1979 and 1984 and has served as a segment producer for the Oscar show since the late '70s. As an independent writer-producer, his films included *Hollywood and the American Image*, *Back to the Stage Door Canteen* and *The West That Never Was*, all for PBS; *Film Score: The Music of the Movies* and *Wild Westerns* for the Discovery Channel; and, most recently, *The Hollywood Soundtrack Story* and *Michael Feinstein: Sing a Song of Hollywood* for American Movie Classics.

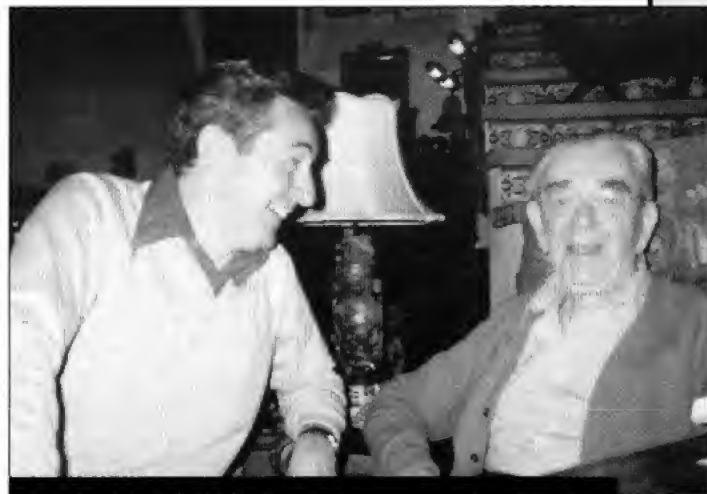
Thomas was a writer for the ABC special "The Fifty Years of Warner Bros." and the Steve Allen series *Meeting of Minds*, and a writer-producer for three years on the syndicated series *That's Hollywood*.

Surviving are a son, David of Burbank, and daughter, Andrea, of Oakland; brother Graham, in Moorpark; brother Ross and sister Christine, both in England; and his companion Lorna Grenadier.

-Jon Burlingame

to point out, "And in case you were wondering, ladies and gentlemen—that's Tony Thomas."

To many fans, Tony Thomas was and is a brand name, associated with quality and respect. You see his credit and you feel that there is this one guy looking out for you. You don't know anything about him, but you know you'd like to thank him one day. What was touching about the service was that it featured people who knew Tony well—people for whom



Tony Thomas with Miklós Rózsa; the two were close friends.

he was more than a name, but a part of their lives.

First among the speakers was Elmer Bernstein, who honored Tony on behalf of his fellow film composers. Bernstein explained the influence of Thomas's 1973 book, *Music for the Movies*. "As composers we tended to accept our anonymity and the anonymity of our music. Tony changed that to a great extent, because he made us take ourselves seriously," Bernstein, the current President of the Society for the Preservation of Film Music, of which Thomas was a founding member, noted how Tony never let his ego get in the way of his work; that his ego was *in* his work and writing instead. "We shall miss him," he concluded. "He transformed our art."

Next was David Raksin, a close friend of Tony's who frequently communicated with him on the telephone. "We were like two concomitant research engines," he recollected. "We loved him dearly and we still do."

During the proceedings were several musical interludes. Singer/pianist Michael Feinstein revealed the fact that Thomas, in addition to writing books, liner notes and articles, also was a writer of songs. Feinstein performed "Sing a Song of Hollywood" on piano, with Thomas's lyrics set to Harry Warren's music, an elegant piece singing of the allure Hollywood had in its Golden Age, with its lights, glamour and magic. Feinstein blew a kiss skyward at the end, remembering Thomas "for his knowledge of the obscure, and his obscure knowledge of the well-known." Later on, Ralph Wells performed a German aria of which Thomas was fond.

Several speakers told of Thomas's impact in other fields. He produced a variety of tribute films, and was a regular contributor to the Academy Awards telecasts, suggesting footage for retrospectives and the annual "in memoriam" montages. His coproducer Doug Stewart, who worked with him on the PBS production *Back to the Stage Door Canteen*, remembered him to this end. Brooks Wachtel, another filmmaking partner, honored Thomas with an original poem. Jon Burlingame read recollections from Ray Faola of the CBS Television Network, who

A Remembrance

The following is excerpted from a speech at the memorial:

It is remarkable when one looks around at a gathering such as this—when one realizes that everyone has assembled for a common purpose—to remember with affection and respect, and to acknowledge the contribution, the difference one person has made to a craft, a business, a life.

I knew Tony Thomas personally less well than many people in this room, but I did know him, enjoyed the pleasure of his company many times and the experience of working with him, wherein one was always struck by his sense of traditionalism, his dedication to quality, his impatience with mediocrity. He revered the work of Hollywood's Golden Age and viewed more contemporary efforts with deep suspicion.

In recent years, Tony occasionally grumbled, as we all do, about the dissatisfaction he felt with his own career, the trajectory of his life—the eternal "I haven't really accomplished anything." "What have I done?", "What's it all about?" corrosive self-examination that plagues so many creative people. And I've been struck more than ever this week, when one reads and hears the tributes to Tony, his achievements, that the word "teacher" isn't mentioned. Of course he wasn't a teacher in the conventional sense of the word—but the reverberation of "teacher" lingers like an echo. His books informed and influenced in a reader-friendly conversational way—his albums gave us access to music and composers that would perhaps have otherwise passed us by—his documentaries and radio interviews will forever suggest the lives and work of others, conveying to us the importance of communicating passion and information, allowing us to seek out that which interests us the most.

I recall being a teenager in London, broke, trying to figure a way to break into the business that I wanted to be a part of so badly. There were no film courses in those days to speak of, no easy stepping stones—but there were books, always books and records. Many are the times I stood at the shop that became 58 Dean St, staring at one of Tony's limited-edition, composer-approved recordings that were exorbitantly priced. I

had enough money for a few beers at the pub, or Tony's record. The pub? Tony... the pub? Tony... often the pub won.

On Great Russell Street near Bloomsbury stands the Cinema Bookshop—a tiny, cramped space that overflows with tomes about the industry we love. For years in the '70s it was the haven for budding film geeks, somewhere to go to get out of the rain and pore for hours through the pages of cinema history. It's where I first discovered Tony, by leafing through *Music for the Movies*, or his *Films Of...* series for Citadel. Around that time there was a young lad at the shop who knew so much about films, at the age of eleven or twelve, that the proprietor let him work there, allowing him to make suggestions about this or that book, this or that film. He is now one of Hollywood's leading screenwriters and on Tuesday I called him with the news that Tony had passed away. "Oh," he said. There was a pause. "I didn't know him personally but when I was a kid I remember him coming to the shop. A distinguished gentleman who would quietly talk about the movies he loved."

There was a longer pause. And in that moment I knew he and I were sharing a memory—the Cinema Bookshop on a black, wet, cold November London afternoon. When as the rain whipped down Great Russell Street, a crowd of movie enthusiasts huddled in the store. Their sodden clothes steaming in the winter-heated warmth of the interior; flipping through books and dreaming of Hollywood, a place as far away and mysterious as Mars. Turning over Tony's pages, and the work of others like him—our passions being ignited by what was being conveyed. Books made it real, made it tangible, made it possible to believe that otherworld really existed. That reality was attainable in the midst of a dream.

And it occurs to me that there can be no finer legacy for a human being to leave; the quintessential impact of the beginning of a life, a career. The moment when a dream takes on a more plausible form. And one goes forward with the knowledge that it can be done. Wherever books are sold, Tony lives on. As long as his words exist, so does Tony. Today, in the Cinema Bookshop, a 16 year-old may have discovered one of Tony's books for the first time, and started on the path to experience—so when Tony asks "What have I done?", the answer is simple. Man, you did a lot. You continue to do a lot. You did everything that matters....

-Nick Redman

Some Thoughts About Tony

When you called Tony on the phone he never answered with "Hello," it was always "Yes." There you have it: answering in the affirmative before a question was raised. In the 38 years I knew him he was always saying "Yes" to those who wanted his counsel, opinion, help, and expertise. He gave a lot—but he loved so much music and so many film-related and other topics, and he was always happy to talk or write on the subjects—even though he would often say to me in the recent past, "I'm running out of things to say" about a composer, a piece of film music, or whatever. Still, you knew he would always rise to the occasion, and because his background was in broadcasting and journalism he would write quickly—but in a graceful, civilized, and extremely readable style.

We had a running gag: when he told me that he had just started writing another book two days previously, I would say, "Well, you should be finished by Thursday." And he would reply: "No, make that Friday."

Over the years we called each other "Lacksley" and "Sir Guy," referring, of course, to our favorite film, the 1938 Warner Bros. *Adventures of Robin Hood*. We both saw it as boys when it came out initially, and instantly became enamored of the film and of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's marvelous, timeless score. In fact, it was George Korngold who introduced me to Tony in 1959, and it was immediately apparent that we shared many enthusiasts and interests—but not in all areas. He would often rhapsodize over a new recording of some Rózsa or Korngold chamber music selection, and after a beat I would ask, "And what's new orchestrally?" I know he could never understand my continual interest in the big bands of the swing era. Tony's wince was a withering experience.

One day, after I had known him for a while, I asked him why he used the by-line Anthony Thomas instead of Tony for his pieces in *Films in Review* magazine. He replied that then-editor Henry Hart thought that "Anthony" had a more dignified air.

Tony shrugged.

Back in the pre-video, pre-cable channel days, I would often screen at his home or mine a 16mm print of some old film we both wanted to see for some reason. I wish our comments and banter could have been tape-recorded for me to play back at a later date. Talk about opinionated!

We did collaborate on two books and were continuously involved in parallel projects. Sometimes one of us wouldn't be available for a particular piece of work and would recommend the other.

One unrealized project in the 1980s we were both immersed in was for the Franklin Mint Record Society. Called (by them) *The Greatest Music of Hollywood's Greatest Films* it was to consist of 25 sets of four LP records each! The work passed two or three paid stages of development before being quietly dropped (presumably by horrified marketing folk). But we had a fine time putting it all together on paper.

Tony and I were ecstatic when George Korngold and Lionel Newman did their Warner Bros. album of Korngold's music in 1961 (the first oasis in the desert). Later in the 1970s we were further elated over several years when Chuck Gerhardt and George Korngold put forth their *Classic Film Scores* for RCA, for which Tony and I supplied our share of liner notes.

But Tony was at his happiest when he was creating his own record packages, documentaries, books, etc. Then his spirits soared. Some people may recall Tony as being quiet, reserved, rather aloof and formal. But I know his other side.

Indeed, Tony was a complex, private person and not always an easy man to get to know. He did have layers that he seldom (if ever) revealed.

Also, Tony was not of contemporary times. He was a cultured, articulate gentleman of the old school, steeped in different values and tastes from those of today—and he was the first to admit it.

I will miss his friendship more than I can say at this time.

-Rudy Behlmer

employed Thomas as "the Voice of Hollywood" on broadcasts of the American Film Institute Tributes and Kennedy Center Honors, and John Morgan, a collaborator on recent album productions for Marco Polo. Danny Gould, a senior executive at the Warner Bros. music library, took up Redman's offer anyone in the audience to add their thoughts.

The most poignant speakers were the people who truly did know Tony the best: his family. Both his first wife Lorraine Foreman, and his companion in recent years, Lorna Grenadier, were in attendance. His daughter Andrea spoke of a man not known to the general public, someone who could be fun and downright silly, chasing her around the house and making funny faces if interrupted during his long days at the typewriter. His brother Graham, looking like a mustached Tony, kept the family wit alive; he later kidded about Tony's reputation as a ladies' man.

Most profound was Tony's son, David, who unlike his father is not "in the business" or accustomed to public speaking. He said, simply and truthfully, "I'm going to miss my best friend."

A slideshow concluded the service, accompanied on piano by Daniel Robbins, who earlier performed Miklós Rózsa's "Love Theme" from *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*. Here he played the beautiful "Leda and the Swan" from Rózsa's *Fedora*, creating a personal, melancholy mood that, combined with the slides, chronicled more than someone who put out film music recordings. This was a boy who looked to the magic of Hollywood from very far away, loving its adventure and glamour, without a trace of cynicism. This was a young man who worked hard to become a broadcaster and journalist, suppressing his accent for the airwaves, and learning to live in a new place. This was a film buff who got to meet his heroes, like Errol Flynn and Erich Wolfgang Korngold, and befriend them and their families. This was a



Thomas at work: As a young radio broadcaster in Canada, and a documentary producer in Hollywood. photos courtesy David Thomas

worker who performed the sheer physical labor of writing 30 books and producing 50 record albums. This was a gentleman who kept alive the past he loved so much—the culture, the knowledge and the elegance—even as he felt more and more out of place. This was someone who traveled, who wrote, who laughed. This was someone's son, husband, dad. This was a life.

As was stated many times that day, "Good night, sweet prince." Tony's memory may be honored through contributions to the Society for the Preservation of Film Music, PO Box 93536, Hollywood CA 90093-0536. Reminiscences are welcome for FSM's "Mail Bag."

John Powell and the Woo- Hans Clan

The British composer
and Media Ventures
associate tackles his
first Hollywood film:
John Woo's *Face/Off*.

by LUKAS KENDALL

Face/Off has gone on to box office and critical success

for being—surprise!—a pretty good movie.

Boasting charismatic performances from Nicolas Cage and John Travolta, and the stylized directing John Woo, it is as unrealistic as anything else this summer, but obeys its own rules in a search for emotion rather than gore.

Consider the graveyard scene: the good guy's wife takes the good guy (actually the bad guy, wearing the good guy's face) to the grave of their son—whom the bad guy (when he was in his own face) had killed several years earlier. The film continues with its body count and blazing guns (scattering white doves and paper), but in that moment the bad guy sees the consequences of his actions. You don't find that in many Hollywood action films today.

The score to *Face/Off* was by John Powell, 33, a British composer now among the ranks of Hans Zimmer's Media Ventures. Powell's music features many of the characteristics of Zimmer's action work, particularly for Woo's last film, *Broken Arrow*: a ton of synthesized percussion, and an overall religious, operatic feeling. Many of Woo's films deal with the emotional relationships of adversaries: man vs. man in a showdown to the death, and that is the case here. Consequently Powell's score is offered a rich tapestry for themes.

"One of the things I learned from working for Hans Zimmer and Patrick Doyle is: you must have themes!" says Powell, who has acted as a synthesizer programmer for both composers. In *Face/Off*, "There's basically a theme that John Travolta is always trying to get back to, the carousel theme. Then there's a theme when his little child is killed, a revenge theme which becomes the action theme in any kind of heroic moment. There's also a theme for Castor Troy, the bad guy: there's a motif and a theme. When you first see Castor at the airport, as he arrives to see his brother before the big action sequence, there are two themes at the same time: the bass line is a theme, and on the top is a horn theme which comes back again."

These three sounds—the carousel theme in the main melody, the bells playing the revenge pattern, and the pizzicato bass—are introduced in the first moments of the main title. From this point the music is almost non-stop, covering 1:45 of the film's 2:15 running time, excluding source music. John Woo's style has often

been described as "operatic" in that it wears its artifice on its sleeve, and then delves head-on into its emotional ramifications. Powell had previously written an opera a few years back with his collaborator Gavin Greenaway, who is credited with additional music in *Face/Off*.

As he recollects, "I was talking to Hans about the fact that we had a couple more stories for operas. When got the job for *Face/Off*, Hans said, 'Well, you've got your opera now.'

"He saw it as very operatic, the way John directs, and it's quite true," adds the composer. "It's almost overly dramatic at times and you have to really hit it large. Everybody says about his action sequences that they're balletic, so whether we're writing a ballet or an opera, I don't know. I might have just been writing an action film."

Stress/Off

Powell's involvement on *Face/Off* began when he received a phone call from Hans Zimmer. Mark Isham had been the first composer on the project, but had to bow out due to a scheduling conflict.

"Hans phoned me and said they [the filmmakers] had phoned him, and asked if there was anybody he wanted to put forward," Powell recollects. "He talked to me about it, I did some demos and played them to the producers and John Woo, and I actually wrote two of the themes we did use at that point." This included the revenge theme which permeates much of the picture; the demo footage Powell scored was the airport chase, one of many scenes that was over twice as long (12 minutes as opposed to under 6) when he originally tackled it.

"My method is very similar to a lot of people," he explains of his writing process. "You have your sounds up on the computer and you basically write as a demo. They come along and it sounds big and very close to what it's going to finally sound like. It just means that there's no discussion at a later stage; nobody needs too much imagination to understand what it will sound like." Orchestral sessions for *Face/Off* were later conducted at Capitol and Paramount, and there were separate live overdubs by percussion, guitar and electric cello.

While the process of demoing cues makes the final recording go smoothly, it makes the actual writing a protracted affair. The first spotting session, with Woo, editor Chris Wagner, and executive producer Steven Reuther, produced a list of over two hours of music, since the film was around 2:45 at that time. "I think I was probably writing for 9 or 10 weeks," Powell recalls, "but the goal posts keep moving as they reedited scenes over and over again and we had previews. For each preview, I got more of my music in demo form into the cut, to see how people reacted to that." Powell had not experienced the preview process and found it fascinating to watch, how an audience would react to a film

they were not expecting.

Powell comes from a background of advertising, so he is used to rewriting and previewing his cues as the film changes. "It's a process—there's no way around it," he says. "It's part of the creative process for them, so unless we all wait until they've finished, and then we've only got two weeks to write the whole thing—I'd rather be doing something at the time." Depending on the severity of changes needed to his music after each picture revision, he would have a music editor rework his cues, or rewrite them himself. "There was so much music, I had to just keep writing and going forward."

As a Media Ventures composer, Powell was the beneficiary of wisdom from Hans Zimmer. "His input was to basically look out for me," Powell explains. "He never said, 'You can't do that, it doesn't work.' What would normally happen was that on some things, he would wait and see how it worked, and then when it didn't he'd say to me, 'Well okay, I didn't think it would work, so how about something like this?' It was very much as a mentor and as a guide; he never wrote anything for it."

Being new to longform film composing, Powell feels he probably attempted some things unconventionally. His first takes on the action scenes were often too busy and "just disappeared" when the sound effects were added.

"Hans basically took me back in and said, 'Look, let's just try this and change the sonic approach.' And maybe he encouraged me to put the theme in a few more times than I otherwise would have done. That meant that everybody was happier with it quicker. It was quite an efficient way of working because I had time and I could experiment, but ultimately there were things that he knew they were going to like or not like. That helped me see where I was at that moment, and see where they were, and we could come to compromises."

One major change to the score was made by Powell himself, not the producers. He had originally written a completely different theme for Castor Troy, and when he got to the scene where the bad guy comes to visit the good guy in prison (it's difficult to describe the movie in any other terms), "I wrote something else, and decided that was better and went back and changed it all."

Even more than his technical support, Zimmer was invaluable for his moral support in such situations. "One of the main things that Hans gives you help with is keeping your nerves," says Powell, who was working on his first feature film—and a \$90 million one at that. "We didn't have a terribly long schedule. I had to get things ready for orchestras and everything else. Sometimes people knew exactly what they wanted, sometimes they didn't, which is fair enough. One of the things he told

me that's important, that he would hold me in check on, is not chickening out and just getting something done, but getting it done *right*. If that meant it took three days to do one cue, and they might have thought I was going too slowly, he told me, 'It's better to get it right than to do it three or four times but fast.'"

Powell had written in the styles he used on *Face/Off* many times before, and found "nothing outrageously unusual or out of the ordinary in what I was presented with, because doing adverts in Europe, and I've done some in France, they're very avant garde." However, he had not explored many of these styles "for more than one minute at a time," and the sheer tonnage of music required was a new experience. To sort it all out he relied on a certain amount of self-analysis after the fact, "which is why I decided at one time to go back and completely replace one of the themes, because this new theme that I'd just written was working so much better."

Zimmer also helped Powell cope with the stress of having to scrap and restart his ideas. "I had to make sure I didn't have too much ego on any particular theme or piece I'd written, because if everyone comes in and says, 'It's not working for me,' then it's not working. You still need the pride to make it as good as you can, but you need to suppress your ego to serve the film, and to a certain extent I hope I get better at that, because that's a very hard thing. You always want to make good music."

"Holding my nerves was definitely helped by having Hans there—kind of a big brother, protector, as well as being somebody who can tell you how it is in Hollywood, because he has such knowledge."

Case Background

Powell's father was a session musician in London, playing for film composers such as Ron Goodwin. "I used to be taken along to these sessions as a child, and I sat in the studio on *Battle of Britain* when it was being recorded," he recalls. He took up violin and wanted to be a violin player, "but my father said to me, don't be a player, be a writer, because there's more money in it."

"I didn't think that was such a good idea at the time," he says, "but later on I got into all sorts of composition: I was writing songs, I was

in pop bands, I was in orchestras at the same time, I was in a performance art group." Powell attended Trinity College of Music in London for four years, "basically learning to be creative. The teacher there, Richard Arnell, was very open-minded and he let us work with as broad a canvas as we wanted. Which is why I enjoy being eclectic; the score to *Face/Off* is I think somewhat eclectic. It travels a little bit of dis-



tance that it might otherwise not have done."

Powell finished college, "bummed around looking as you do for work," and was taken on by Air-Edel as a jingle writer, the same company for which Hans Zimmer had worked. He met Zimmer through the company, and worked on *White Fang* (1991) with him. Eventually he continued his work on jingles at his own company, Independently Thinking Music, which he formed with Gavin Greenaway in London. They worked on advertising campaigns for Coca-Cola, Ford, Sega and BMW, and British TV series such as *Stay Lucky*, *Raid Gaulioses*, *Vanishing Rembrandts* and *Les Escarpins Sauvage* (aka *The Wild Sandals*).

"Then we did an opera, we put it on in Germany, and I suddenly found it quite difficult going back to just jingles," Powell recalls. He had been in touch with Zimmer all along, and at this time Zimmer had just been made head of music at Dreamworks. "I thought this might be a good idea to go out and see what Hollywood is like, so Gavin and I put some money into going out to Los Angeles and seeing what was around." Powell set up shop scoring *High Incidents* for Dreamworks/ABC, and arranging Stephen Schwartz's songs for *The Prince of Egypt*, Dreamworks' animated film for 1998, as well as their production the year after, *El Dorado* with Elton John.

Powell's musical influences "go all over the shop. I try not to have any fear of smashing two

things against each other. The formative years for me would have been late '60s as a child, listening to *The Magnificent Seven* by Elmer Bernstein, and to Leonard Bernstein as well." He also counts among his favorite film composers Ennio Morricone, Bernard Herrmann, Thomas Newman, Goran Bregovich and "certainly Jerry Goldsmith, very much from *Planet of the Apes*—I always loved that score." He was

Powell has been the beneficiary of Woo's third American project, but the first that was really "a John Woo film." On *Hard Target*, scored by Graeme Revell, Woo had to adjust to the entire system of working for a studio, as well as a problematic lead actor, Jean-Claude Van Damme. On *Broken Arrow*, "he had his hands tied a lot on that, I think," as well as the need to prove he could make a financial hit.



Nicolas Cage, John Woo, and John Travolta.

also a Nino Rota fan, which to him carries over to being a Danny Elfman fan, a composer he's always loved.

"I remember watching a trailer for *Pee Wee's Big Adventure* and thinking, 'Who the hell did that?' I just had to go see the film because of that," says the composer. "I also remember seeing a trailer to *Driving Miss Daisy* and thinking, 'Who wrote that? I've got to see that!' I knew Hans but it didn't sound at all like Hans, so I was very shocked." Regarding film music, Powell adds that although Stanley Kubrick is not a composer per se, his use of music in films such as *2001* and *The Shining* "is as influential as anybody could be."

Although Powell considers Zimmer a big influence, he has his own style, and would not be able to ape a Zimmer score. "I couldn't just do his style, because I have such a different background and influences. I don't agree with everything he does, or with everything any of these people do," he adds, "simply because I would have my own way of doing it, I hope—or would try to find my own way of doing it."

Wooded

"John doesn't speak much," says Powell about director Woo. "He's a man of few words, but a lot of meaning in them. You kind of get where everyone will blabber away trying to figure out what it is we're talking about, and then it would all go quiet and he would say, 'We need emotion here.'"

Face/Off is very much a Woo film, although Powell suspects the violence was still brought below what Woo would have liked, to ensure an R-rating. To that end the film was shortened a good deal, scenes moved about, and many of the action scenes were halved in length. "Some of the sequences when they were longer might have had more of a depth because of their

internal structure," Powell says. "That was very interesting to see that happen as they reedited the film. Generally it was happening that way so that the whole film was working better, and it seems that's the case."

At the dub, Powell and Zimmer were able to convince the producers to take out some of the score, reducing its total time from 1:55 to 1:45. "Everyone is so concerned with making the film as good as it can possibly be that it's very difficult to let go of certain things, but everybody realized eventually you don't need it all, it supports itself. Otherwise it was constant music and at times it could be too much pointing: look this, feel this, think this. But part of John Woo's style is that he actually likes that way of movie-making." Powell was not involved in Woo's memorable choices to use source music, such as "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" during a brutal action scene, and Handel's *Messiah* at the beginning of the film.

Of the film's high impact/heavy percussion action scoring, Powell notes, "It's not something that you can *not* do in movies today." He might have liked to have made the action music more along the lines of Elmer Bernstein, or John Barry's James Bond music, "but you have to pick your battles." Fortunately, the temp score was generally not a problem: "It's a constraint and a freedom as well. One great thing is, you know what they're used to, so if you step aside from that, you've got to have a damn good reason to do it. Other times, you know they're not sure, and they're sticking anything in there just

trying to make it move forward. You have to try and find out what it is in the temp track they like—it can be a tempo, it can be the way it hits the cuts, it can be the way the editors work to it. It's very useful."

For example, in the prison scenes, and the first meeting of the good and bad guys with each other's faces, Powell did not conform to the temp score at all, which was much darker. "It was John Woo's idea to make scenes like that a lot lighter and freer from the gloom of the prison. I think the first time I scored that, I scored it more like the temp and at that point it would have been incredibly heavy."

It's hard to tell what cues are on the *Face/Off* CD, and Powell himself is not sure what ended up on the album. "Hollywood Records needed the CD as soon as we could, so what happened was we gave them eight titles and fitted in whatever we wanted." The track title "Hans' Loft" refers both to the loft in the film at which a shootout takes place, and also a loft at Media Ventures where composers and technicians crash at night while in long sessions.

In the special thanks list of the *Face/Off* CD is Terry Malick. This is in fact the same Terence Malick who directed *Badlands* and *Days of Heaven* in the 1970s, and is now directing *The Thin Red Line*, to be scored by Zimmer. Powell is slated to score a documentary which Malick is producing in England, *Endurance*, about an Olympic runner from Ethiopia who has faced political problems in his own country. Powell was writing music in advance, using a combination of "Ethiopian and western styles," and Malick let him out of his commitment long enough to score *Face/Off*. At the moment, it is Powell's turn to wait, as Malick is busy filming *The Thin Red Line*.

"I try and keep my head out of the film score world as much as possible to try and look around for what else is happening in music," says Powell of his versatility. "For instance, music by some contemporary composers like Michael Torke, James MacMillan, John Adams, and John Tavener. John Tavener wrote this fabulous piece for cello, written for very high cello, right up the board, and there's definitely some of that going on in *Face/Off*. People like Michael Torke, the *Colors* album—Beethovenian harmony against Stravinskian rhythm, he's not afraid of going anywhere, he just does whatever he needs to make the point.

"That's the kind of eclecticism I like," he adds. "It's not eclectic because you want variety. It's eclectic because it should be: that's the world of music we all hear, and wherever you need to go, you should have the facility to go." ■

See www.filmscoremonthly.com for audio excerpts of Lukas Kendall's interview with John Powell, in the daily column for August 7.



Thank you

LALO SCHIFRIN

...for an inspirational score.

*You made my first feature film
a great experience.*

*With admiration,
Brett Ratner
“Money Talks”*



LALO SCHIFRIN has just arrived at the Warner Bros. scoring stage, conductor's manuscripts tucked under his arm. Los Angeles's finest musicians are chatting over coffee and donuts. A member of the technical crew snaps his fingers under microphones, to help the recording engineer set up the board.

The sound of the score is already taking shape in the instruments spread out over the room: a rock drum kit, tablas, shakers and percussion in the back; a synthesizer rig in the near corner; and abundant seats for woodwinds, brass, and strings.

Is this 1968 and a recording session for *Bullitt*? 1971 and a date for *Dirty Harry*? 1973 and *Enter the Dragon*? It could be: those classic Schifrin scores mixed elements of sym-



LALO'S BACK

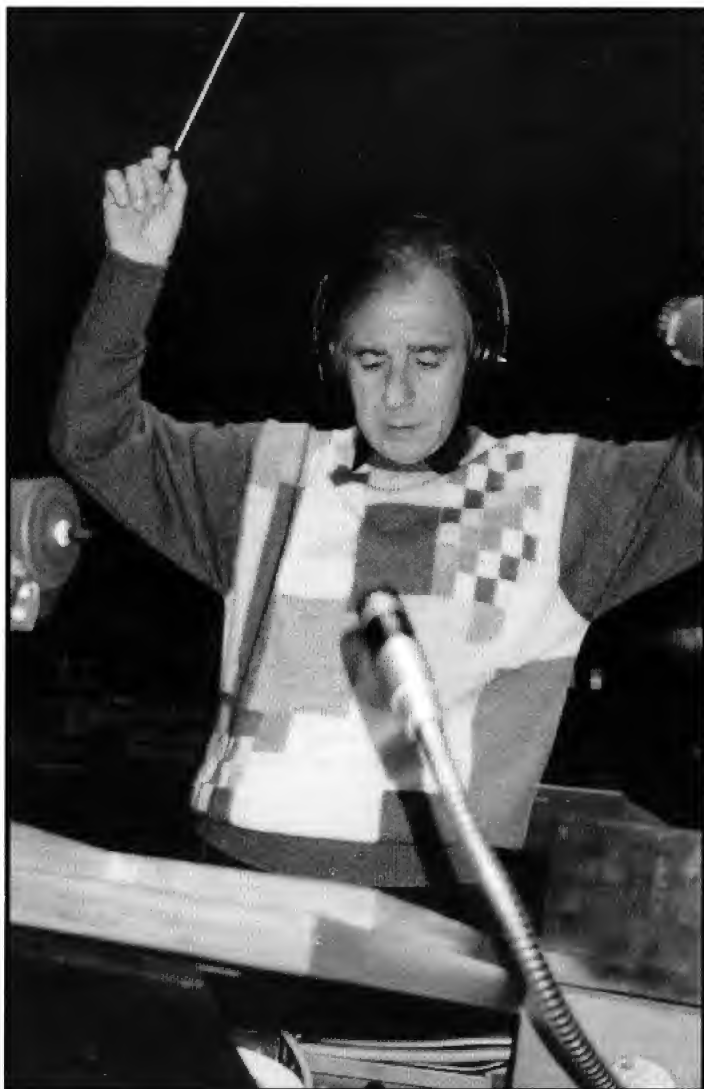
Top: Schifrin conducts at Warner Bros.
Above Left: Vibraphonist Emil Richards.
Above Right: Rap artist Heavy D (center) stops by.

Right: Schifrin (r) with (l-r) editor Mark Helfrich, music editor Steve McCroskey, New Line Music's Paul Broucek, and director Brett Ratner.



phonic literature, big band, and r&b funk. At the time, it made for the hippest cine-musical expression of urban suspense.

Actually, it's March 31, 1997, and Lalo Schifrin is recording his score for a new action-comedy, New Line Cinema's *Money Talks*, scheduled for release August 22. The film, by 27-year-old rap-video veteran and first-time feature director Brett Ratner, stars Chris Tucker (*The Fifth Element*, *Dead Presidents*) as Franklin, a fast-talking ticket scalper on the run from diamond thieves and crooked cops alike. He teams up with an investigative reporter played by Charlie Sheen to save the day—several explosions, car chases, high society hi-jinks, and gutter-mouth



AND "MONEY TALKS" HAS GOT HIM!

Article by **LUKAS KENDALL**
Photos by **SHARON ROESLER**



Top Left: Schiffrin in action. Top Right: Ratner with his *Enter the Dragon* hero. Above: And thus he dare wrote the funk.

Left: (l-r) Schiffrin, New Line Music's Dana Sano, Ratner, and Broucek.

Right: Jazz great Ray Brown joined the session band.

disses later. It's a swift, irreverent film that a typical, contemporary action score could have pushed into mean-spiritedness and cliché.

Instead, as Schiffrin's score takes shape, the movie becomes—*fun*. Director Ratner, who has helmed videos for such rap artists as Wu-Tang Clan, Heavy D, Mary J. Blige and LL Cool J, couldn't be happier. "My favorite score of all time is *Enter the Dragon*," he explains. "It's

'Oh my God!' Literally the next day he was on the phone with Lalo. Lalo came over, and was so excited about this project because Brett is so into him. It's this mutual admiration."

On the stand Schiffrin's jazz roots take over and he breezes through the cues; there are a few minor adjustments to be made, and he takes care of them in the blink of an eye.

"It's a lot of fun," says keyboardist Mike

whom he has so much admiration. (*Money Talks* is peppered with such nostalgia-inducing character actors as Paul Sorvino, Veronica Cartwright, David Warner, Heather Locklear, and Ron Howard's dad.)

"I think after this score people are going to be like, 'Who's that?'" he says. "I brought Lalo to the Grammys and introduced him to all the modern-day, hippest young black producers, all the guys making the hip r&b records. They're all like, 'Oh my god, Lalo Schiffrin, I'm the biggest fan!' It was awesome." He smiles as Schiffrin nails another take. "I knew I made the right decision."

Ratner's brief to the composer was straightforward: "I told him I didn't want him to copy himself, I wanted him to just be himself. I told him the instruments I loved in his other scores: like *Dirty Harry*, the roof scene, when he mixes the small

instruments like fender bass and electric guitar with the big orchestra." Ratner did not listen to synth mock-ups, but did get a kick out of hearing Schiffrin play themes on piano.

"What Lalo was brilliant at was knowing when the music should end, which I'm not really versed in," he adds. "He is a master composer. I'm not a master storyteller but he's able to look at a scene and write the music for it that enhances it and brings it to another level."

Schiffrin impressed everyone involved, from producer Walter Coblenz (*The Candidate*, *All the President's Men*, *SpaceCamp*) to New Line Music's Paul Broucek, with his efficiency and knack for building dynamics which avoided interfering with sound effects and dialogue. As Ratner relates, "He'll go to a note that won't interfere not only with the dialogue or the effects, but the pitch of the actor's voice."

The score was recorded and mixed by Tim Boyle over a swift four-day period; at the dubbing sessions, there were only the smallest of tweaks musically. The filmmakers spent most of that time finessing the sound effects and looping, and had no trouble adjusting to the music, which could not have been further from the temp-score (drawn from contemporary action scores like *The Fugitive*).

As Helfrich noted, listening to Schiffrin's score you realize that an orchestra can do a lot of things, and in film scores today we barely hear a fraction of it.

During a break, Schiffrin stopped to answer the inevitable question: how does he feel about revisiting his famous '70s style? "Well," he starts in his legendary Argentinian accent, "the curious thing is that I've been doing lately two movies, which were taking me away from the '70s. One is



Left: Paul Sorvino and Chris Tucker in *Money Talks*. Right: Tucker and Charlie Sheen.

cool, it's hip; Lalo's sound is just so funky and the percussion is so big, the basses are so full. The star of my movie is a black actor, and the urban feel is what Lalo gets. Lalo has this hipness about him, I guess from working with Dizzy [Gillespie] and his jazz roots."

As the music unfolds, it becomes the film's voice. There's a menacing, low-end military theme for the French jewel thieves; orchestral excitement for the action; and vintage '70s percussion and wah-wah guitar for Franklin (Tucker). Franklin, who sings along with Barry White ("You're My First, My Last, My Everything") in the opening credits, goes through the film treating life-and-death situations with a kind of panicked mania that is at once cool, honest and oblivious. So too is Schiffrin's score: it's totally retro, but unpretentious, playing out the drama as it's filtered through Franklin's '70s sensibilities.

"Choosing Lalo as the composer was serendipitous," notes editor Mark Helfrich (*Rambo*, *Predator*). "While we were cutting the film, Brett kept saying, 'I really like this '70s feel. This film has a retro feel, and it's coming back in the modern music. I wish we could have something really funky like the '70s.' I gave it some thought and said, 'You know, who you're talking about is Lalo Schiffrin.'"

"He said, 'Well I don't know who he is, but I'll tell you the score I like: my favorite score of all time is *Enter the Dragon*.' I said, just look who did that score. He pulls out his CD and goes

Lang, a veteran of countless Hollywood scores who got his start playing on

Schiffrin's 1965 album, *Jazz Suite on Mass Texts*. "Lalo is one of the people who always tries to keep the energy going. His mind works quick and he likes everything to have that kind of momentum. I think as the years have gone by, and Lalo has become more comfortable with the whole process, he's become more fun, and he's able to relax more. The humor and sweetness that he has comes out."

Throughout the session, Ratner uses a video camera to record the event for posterity. In one cue for a rooftop chase, Schiffrin catches the heroes' jump from one building to another with an indescribable orchestral whoosh, connecting one '70s groove to the next. The "audience," including Schiffrin's wife Donna, son Ryan and attorney Philip Kaplan, as well as production personnel, loves it and Ratner asks for the cue to be played back several times.

Ratner compares the situation to how Bernard Herrmann had fallen out of favor in Hollywood in the 1970s, until directors like Brian De Palma and Martin Scorsese brought him back. (He did not compare *himself* to Martin Scorsese.) At that time, the early to mid-'70s, Schiffrin was the hottest composer out there, and his blend of pop with traditional dramatic underscore permeated every nook and cranny of then-contemporary film and television. But times and tastes change, and a quarter-century later, Schiffrin is the elder statesman whose Hollywood projects have been few of late—part by choice, part not. Ratner, who pushed the studio for such a "not-the-obvious" choice for a contemporary action-comedy, is thrilled to bring back someone for

called *Tango*; I just pre-scored the picture, I did all the ballets and arrangements, with the 100-piece Philharmonic Buenos Aires and an 80-piece women chorus. I just come from there.

"My next movie that I finish writing is a love story, *Something to Believe In*, British. I have a song that I have to record in New York with Plácido Domingo. From New York I take the Concorde and go to England and I do the score with the Royal Philharmonic.

doors for that kind of territory, and to a certain degree also Jerry Goldsmith and John Williams. But I really nail it for some reason, I really fix it, they say, to the point where I painted myself into a corner. Because as I said nobody else tried to give me love stories. It's like some composers start to do westerns. How many westerns can you do in a row? How many chases—do you know how many cars I destroyed? I feel personally responsible for the

extending myself, within that style."

At presstime, Ratner was in negotiations to direct Jackie Chan's next movie, *Rush Hour*. The no-brainer for that score will be, barring unforeseen complications, Lalo Schifrin. There's a special feeling that you get from seeing someone great come back for another go-around. It's part "they don't make them like that anymore," and part

"Do you know how many cars I destroyed? I feel personally responsible for the demolition of thousands of cars!" -Lalo Schifrin

"So all the time, I knew I had these two projects coming: *Tango*, I never did anything with tangos my whole life, except some classical pieces; and love stories, people in the movie business forget I did for instance *The Fox* and things that were more melodic and tender. Human relationships—you know, they forget.

"Brett Ratner wanted me to do the music for this movie. We had a meeting, and he said, my favorite score ever has been *Enter the Dragon*. Of course it's in my blood, that style, because probably it was a way to express at that time this genre of movies, urban thrillers, in a different way than had been done before. Maybe Henry Mancini and Johnny Mandel opened the

demolition of thousands of cars!

"I felt a little bit tired of that. I stopped writing because I was trying to use more my memory than my imagination. Even movies I did fairly recently, *F/X2* and also *Beverly Hillsbillies*—Penelope Spheeris was the director of that, and she wanted me because it had a take-off of *Mission Impossible* and all these things. So I did it, and I'm very proud of what I did, because again I was coming with fresh ideas.

"I think that when you leave a certain time period between movie and movie in this genre, or any genre, then you have time to come up with new ideas and reinvigorate the same style. So I don't think I'm copying myself, I'm

appreciating a master at work.

Between his album recordings and concert touring, Schifrin the person hasn't gone away, and his influence certainly hasn't either. (Just with last year's *Mission: Impossible*, his music was all over the place.) But the Lalo who could be called upon to write a new score for a picture—something funky, dramatic and fun—hasn't been heard from in a while. Until now.

"*Tango* I accepted because it was a different kind of challenge," he says. "The other one, the one I'm doing in England, is also different, very moving. But this [*Money Talks*] was fun. And when I saw it was fun, it all came back, but it came back in a new way." •

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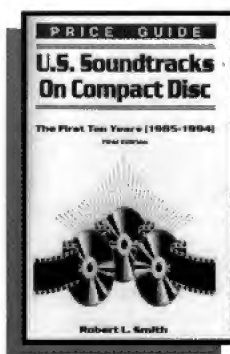
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INT. TV Production Office - Day

Will Shivers, the crazy production assistant on the Fox lot, manages to break away and call Marc Shaiman on the conference room phone. Marc Shaiman is in Laguna Beach.

SFX in B.G. surf/people on beach.

Marc Shaiman: Now that there's "Film Score Daily" on the Internet [www.filmscoremonthly.com], is *Film Score Monthly* passé, now that all film score aficionados can check in daily?

Will Shivers: See, I've never even done that. Is it something that makes it kinda silly that the magazine even exists?

because it was someone he had always thought about working with before I started working with him. And I think also the studio just felt that James Horner was a great choice for that movie. Which is undeniable, one can't argue with the use of James Horner, although I guess *Film Score Monthly* letter writers might disagree.

Will: Vehemently.

Marc: But I said to him, "Well, I won't belabor this, but I think I'm entitled to say something as a response to make you feel guilty." And he said, "What's that?" And I said, "Speechless." I mean, I did that movie solely to support our collaboration and friendship.

Marc: Well said. I could have probably had fun with that but I don't bemoan that. And I like Barry so much that I don't even begin to think about anything but just being happy for his success.

Will: I heard he's like a frightened child but he's obviously a very talented director.

Marc: He's funny.

Will: I have to say I went to see *George of the Jungle* and I liked the music.

Marc: The sight of Brendan Fraser in his loin cloth didn't give you funny little tingles?

Will: I was hoping, but his obnoxious acting seeped through and destroyed my mood.

Marc: I thought he was adorable.

Marc of the Scoring Jungle

Marc Shaiman returns, with the help of his friend, a Will named Will.

by Will Shivers

Marc: Well, isn't it silly that the magazine exists in the first place?

Will: [laughs] Yes, absolutely, in a world such as ours... Anyway, so you're relieved that you're done with two pictures that sounded like they were a big challenge?

Marc: [beat] Yes.

Will: All right, thanks for talking. [both laugh]

Marc: They were back-to-back. The second one was mostly a logistic challenge being that I didn't have a day off from *George of the Jungle*, literally not a day off. I flew on a red eye, a Sunday night, and was in an office working on Monday morning. That was the hard part: setting up a temporary work situation in someone else's music office. I didn't have my own equipment, I wasn't home, everything was foreign to me, and I had to work night and day to make the deadline on the second movie, *In and Out*. So it was like an obstacle course... It was like, oh-oh-oh, um... what do they call—extreme, extreme sports? It was like extreme score writing.

Will: Right. Did you get a rush like extreme sports, did you get adrenaline pumpage?

Marc: Well I got a chubby one night.

Will: Okay, that's too much information. [both laugh] Were they both good experiences?

Marc: They both ended as good experiences, yes.

Will: You know the last time I interviewed you, you were doing *Speechless*.

Marc: Ouch. You can quote me.

Will: So you wanna tell your story about when you talked to Underwood recently about his movie?

Marc: Yes. Ron Underwood called to personally tell me that he was choosing to work with James Horner on *Mighty Joe Young*, just

Will: So are you a little bitter?

Marc: Ah, yes.

Will: You had a relationship with Sonnenfeld and he goes with Elfman and...

Marc: Well, with Barry Sonnenfeld I made my own bed 'cause I was supposed to do that Michael J. Fox movie [*For Love or Money*].

I, for lack of any other word, would be white-washing if I didn't just say I quit, because I was so emotionally and physically exhausted. Just when he wanted me to go to New York to start working on it, I quit, with him having enough time to hire someone else, but still quit so you know ever since that, although we retained our friendship and I actually worked on the second *Addams Family* movie, he was not indebted anymore to—he never would be indebted. I mean, it allowed him the freedom to...

Will: He didn't feel as bad about going to other people.

Marc: Well, some directors do that. Some directors work with a different composer on every movie which is also fine, and good for the composers that get the chance to work with that director.

Will: Except for Mr. Rob Reiner.

Marc: But you never know, there will be a day where Rob will want to work with someone else, or he comes up with a movie when I'm already so completely and firmly committed to something else—I mean who knows? It's almost happened a few times due to just scheduling.

Will: How do you think you would've done say a *Men in Black* for Sonnenfeld?

Marc: Who knows?

Will: Was it something you were interested in doing or were you like, oh it's not my cup of tea, cockadacocha boop boop...

Will: Really?

Marc: I mean comedically.

Will: So how was it working for Disney?

Marc: Um... challenging. Sorry, am I giving one-word answers?

Will: No, that's good, the more the better. That way the readers won't get bored and turn to the net instead.

Marc: The interesting story on *George of the Jungle* is that they wanted me to record it in England. Which they didn't make perfectly clear until after I had signed to do the movie and was already just starting work on it—if that had been made abundantly clear during negotiations, I simply would've said no.

Although I would like to work in England someday, I would like for it to be on the proper score, like a score like, well ironically *The American President*, a score with a certain grandeur and also a certain kind of simplicity.

Will: Wasn't it a financial issue though?

Marc: Yeah, they felt it was cheaper. Of course I kept telling them, by the time you bring my equipment over there and set me up and my entourage and my conductor and my engineer—and I wasn't going to break up my whole team... I said to them, why would you hire me and then ask me to work at less than my potential by breaking up my team and my work environment? Luckily once I started writing the score, they were so happy with what I was writing that when I once again reminded them that we would not get the certain Hollywood-style playing necessary for the kind of almost Warner Bros. cartoon moments in the movie... luckily music has charms that soothe the savage breast. They relented and allowed me to record in America.

Will: For some reason, saying "Let's score in London" doesn't sound like it would be cheap.

Marc: Well, they have their facts and figures and after all the hotels and airfare they still feel they can save at least, let's say approximately a hundred thousand dollars—which is, you know, a lot of money.

Will: So what was it like working with all them apes?

Marc: Well the sex was good but...

Will: Hey now...



Marc Shaiman, Frank Oz, and conductor Artie Kane. photo by Evin Grant, Brooks Institute

Marc: I didn't really work with any apes, only the producer and the director.

Will: Aye mavin flavin... but did you like the director?

Marc: Yes. We actually ended up having a pretty good time once the horrible fighting about where to record ended, which was positively the bloodiest, angriest and bitterest of fights I've ever been involved with—with collaborators and/or movie studios. It was brutal. Amazingly, though, we were able to all put it behind us and once we started working on music we had a great collaboration.

Will: Was it the kind of thing where you were yelling and screaming at each other and all of a sudden someone made a joke or farted, and everyone started laughing and it was over?

Marc: [long silence]

Will: [laughs] Anyway, you said the dub wasn't as satisfactory as you had hoped.

Marc: Unfortunately I was working in New York on *In and Out*, 'cause I think they would've been okay about me visiting the dub.

Will: I would've been happier if perhaps the music was the only thing you heard. I'm being mean to the movie.

Marc: I couldn't, I could not agree...

Will: I was frustrated 'cause I was kinda straining—I'm like, I wanna hear the music, this is Shaiman at his best.

Marc: I really did feel that they somehow, for

some reason, just didn't make full use of what I supplied to them.

Will: You're not talking about whether the music was louder than the sound effects?

Marc: Yeah, it's the balance between all those things. Certain moments where I feel the music—it's the age-old thing about music vs. sound effects. But in this case they seemed so happy with what I supplied that I was a lit-

tle shocked at some of their choices.

Will: How big was your orchestra?

Marc: One day it actually broke a hundred.

Will: Good lord.

Marc: Which was all the more amazing in that Disney had been so budget-conscious in wanting me to be in England that we went from one extreme to the next: after they relented about America I guess I became a bit of the runaway train, and at that point it was just, "Can we please book what we need and the days we need to make each and every cue sound the way it ought to?" So it went from 80 to 100 depending on the day.

Will: And you had an African choir?

Marc: There was no African choir.

Will: I heard some [does African chant].

Marc: Oh, those were some synth patches.

Will: Really? How disappointing. No that's fine, I was convinced and that's all that matters, right?

Marc: Right.

Will: Right.

Marc: Don't you need to be getting someone coffee right now?

Will: I'm hidden in the conference room and actually my boss isn't even here right now. But I can be paged at any minute.

Marc: Oh, I see.

Will: So describe *In and Out* in three words or less, the plot. [beat] Five words?

Marc: "Is—he—gay?"

Will: [laughs] I know what it's about from that.

Marc: I mean it: that's what it's about. I did it in three words or less. It's a wonderful movie and I enjoyed working on it.

Will: When's it come out?

Marc: If you'll pardon the pun, this is a movie that *really* comes out. That could be on the poster. "Coming out in September, and we mean *coming out*." Just like underline "coming out."

Will: Describe Frank Oz.

Marc: Frank Oz is a very sweet man. As in all projects that involve Scott Rudin, there is the added exciting element of a producer that is so completely hands-on that there invariably are many moments where the director and producer see things differently.

Will: But Frank Oz, he can hold his own?

Marc: Yeah, Frank Oz can hold his own, God knows I don't wanna hold 'em!

Will: Hey now.

Marc: I don't wanna come across as not funny.

Will: Is that your whole goal in life?

Marc: Yeah. So anyway, there are a few more moments like that when you work with Scott, but as we all begrudgingly agree, his opinions are always very smart and usually right on the money. So it could be worse: it could be some producer who doesn't know what he's talking about. And I've been in that position also. That sounds so pompous. You really can't argue with Scott.

Will: So you're saying he definitely knows what he wants but—

Marc: He knows what he wants and he knows how to express it, too, which is really great. It's just that he might say it after you've already written the cue, because the schedule is such that he can't be there every second. You almost wish he could just move in with you and say, "I like that measure, move on." He has a little trouble in dealing with the fact that there are other movies, other employers, other lives, so he has no patience for accepting the fact that schedules...

Will: That time is limited.

Marc: Yeah.

Will: So with Frank Oz, do you ever hear his voice and think that Miss Piggy is behind you?

Marc: Yes.

Will: Really?

Marc: Yes. Or others like Cookie, Fozzie, you can hear it. And of course whenever he curses—you hear Frank Oz say fuck and you realize, "Oh my God, a muppet just cursed."

Will: [laughs] You'd work with him again?

Marc: It was great working with a man who's been a puppeteer all these years, although I did draw the line at him putting his fist up my ass.

Will: [laughs] So what's next on your buffet of film scoring?

Marc: I have not signed for another movie yet, but there are two on the horizon that may happen. [Since this interview Marc has signed to score Billy Crystal's next movie, *My Giant*. He will also work on a new album with Bette Midler, and appear with Midler on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* for one week while Oprah films a movie. -LK]

Will: After these two movies are you kinda like, "Oh, I don't wanna do another movie

Will: Yeah, that's kind of a sad truth, isn't it?

Marc: Most people in comedy are miserable people.

Will: That kind of atmosphere doesn't inspire people to be creatively wacky.

Marc: It's tough.

Will: Are you gonna see Air Force One tonight? I'm sure you heard about how Randy [Newman] got shafted [his score rejected].

Marc: I know, I guess that was his first one.

be replaced after you've finished the whole job. As opposed to an actor who, of course, it would be devastating, but if he's being replaced it would be only after a few days work.

Will: Yeah, with a score it's like you give birth to your baby and then they try and shove it back in.

Marc: Yeah, well uh, lovely analogy.

Will: So what does Marc Shaiman most wanna do right now? Go swimming?

On Frank Oz (In and Out): "It was great working with a man who's been a muppeteer all these years, although I did draw the line at him putting his fist up my ass."

again"? You ever get like that, and then two weeks later are you like, "Ahh, I'm ready"?

Marc: Yeah, sorta that's where I am right now.

Will: You're ready now—didn't you just get back?

Marc: Yeah, but the "Oh my God, I'll never work again" thing is scary.

I was disappointed that *George of the Jungle* didn't have a score album. A huge disappointment. I mean I have like three or four cuts on the song album.

Will: How disappointing is that?

Marc: Hugely, I mean huge with a capital H.

Will: I thought you said if you wanted to get the entire score released, you would even use your own money.

Marc: Yeah, but there was no time and they did include four score cuts on the album. They kept calling, saying, "Isn't this exciting, they want another cut on the album?" and I was just quietly, "om, uh, uh..." [Will laughs]

Well I was just quiet—I knew that every score cut they put on the album made it less likely that someone would want to put out an all-score album that would have to include some of the same cuts. But you know what...?

Will: What are you gonna do...?

Marc: What are you gonna do...? [Big time lapse.]

Will: Wouldn't you expect that a writers room like at *The Simpsons* would be, like alive and full of energy?

Marc: Having been in show business as long as I have, I know what the reality is.

Will: Right. It's like stiff, and awkward.

Marc: For instance, wouldn't you think *Saturday Night Live* would be a fun place to work? Ouch.

Will: When I first saw his name, I was like, that's kinda weird but maybe it'll be interesting, but obviously it wasn't meant to happen.

Marc: I missed that article in the *L.A. Times*.

Will: Randy didn't comment in it. Goldsmith did. They talked about how they have all been replaced and it isn't that big of deal.

Marc: With a film score it's odd that you can

Marc: Well, I only arrived yesterday, so I didn't actually hit the ocean. And being that I look like a whale these days I'm afraid of going there for fear of being harpooned....

Marc Shaiman and Will Shivers previously talked in *FSM* #52 (December 1994) and #53/54 (January/February 1995).

George of the Jungle ★★

MARC SHAIMAN, VARIOUS

Walt Disney 60806-7. 13 tracks - 30:53

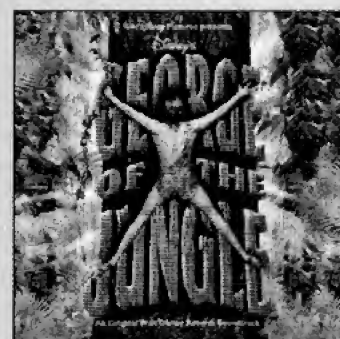
Some (so-called) soundtrack albums have become so eclectic you wonder if even their producers know who they're geared for anymore. What, for instance, would be the target audience for a disc including several versions of a theme from a '60s jungle cartoon, a swing update of "Man on the Flying Trapeze," a make-over of the 1920s novelty "Aba Daba Honeymoon," the original *Surfari's* "Wipe Out," and even—surprise!—a few cues of original score? Your guess is as good as mine, but here it all is on the *George of the Jungle* soundtrack.

Of definite interest to *FSM* readers are composer Marc Shaiman's cuts, which amusingly set the 1967 "George" theme into a variety of orchestral permutations, from minor-mode dramatic to over-the-top triumphant. Shaiman's bag is a blend of 1940s swing, contemporary loops and samples, and some genuinely cinematic orchestral riffs, all working well together in a kind of drolly psychotic way. Quotes abound, and it sounds like the swing parts of *The Addams Family* meets the Olympics meets Carl Stalling meets, well, *George of the Jungle*. Shaiman only gets three brief orchestral tracks on the album, but they are effective comedy scoring in an exaggerated, car-

toony way. "George to the Rescue" starts with jungle drums and chanting sampled voices, but quickly works up an earnest and exciting epic feel within its too brief (1:10) time frame. "Rumble in the Jungle" is a big comedy cue opening with primitiva [Martin Denny reference! -LK] tomtoms à la the Benny Goodman swing classic, "Sing, Sing, Sing," but soon shifting to skizzed-out, cartoon-like chase music. The only subdued cut on the entire album is Shaiman's "The Little Monkey," which begins in the tenderly lyrical Goldsmith vein of such Joe Dante films as *Gremlins* and *Explorers*, segues to a pulsing Latinesque middle section, and concludes with a rhythmic reprise of the "George of the Jungle" theme. Shaiman also arranged two vocal tracks: a Manhattan Transfer-like update of "Man on the Flying Trapeze" and a Vegas-styled "My Way" (the latter performed by John Cleese as the voice of "Ape").

Shaiman's orchestrals are highlights of the album, but fill out only a small percentage of the half-hour disc. The rest is taken up with appealing pop of various vintage, and new (if rather Giorgio Moroder) dance tracks by Michael Becker ("Go Ape: The Dance Mix" and "Jungle Band"). For boomers who can't get enough of the "George" TV theme, by Stan Worth and Sheldon Allman, there are three versions of the title tune

(which in some bizarre way reminds me of the songs from AIP's *Wild in the Streets*). Mainly this is a really big cover by the currently hot alternative rock group, The Presidents of the United States of America (who are, however, upstaged by some great and dynamically recorded timpani soloing by Kenny Aronoff), also featured in the "Main Title Movie Mix." This does change some of the lyrics, eliminating the Yiddish "schlep," but for purists, the album also includes a refreshingly brief and faithful cover



by "Weird Al" Yankovic (from his '80s album, *Dare to Be Stupid*).

About the only thing missing are some Martin Denny bird-calls. As a whole, this curious *George* soundtrack should satisfy boomers, males of a certain (like circa ten-years-old) age bracket, and fans of soft-core Psychatronica, but will leave soundtrack (and Marc Shaiman) fans wishing for more.

-Ross Care

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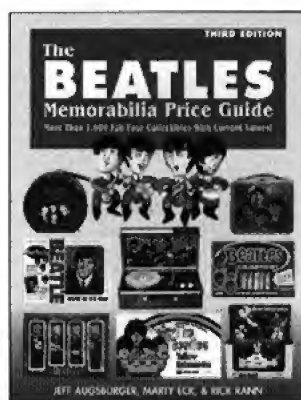


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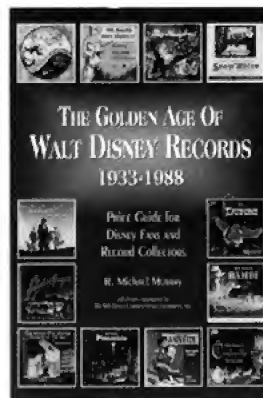
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SCORE

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Air Force One ★★★½

JERRY GOLDSMITH

Varèse Sarabande VSD-5825. 8 tracks - 35:42

Although technically taut (the work of Wolfgang Petersen, a sort of hired-gun Jim Cameron with no redeeming thematic interests), *Air Force One* combines all the worst elements of *Die Hard* movies, Harrison Ford movies, *Top Gun* movies, and sports films; respectively: a mean-spirited body count, endless mugging, gooey patriotism, and high-fiving diegetic audiences—plus product placements.

Unlike most action films, *Air Force One* is a huge palette for music: the office of the Ass-Kicking Presidency requires an acoustic, traditional sound rather than anything electronic or "hip." The film falls into the subset of genres guaranteed to please both Jerry Goldsmith and his fans: it features juvenile, heart-on-sleeve sentimentality, blended with large doses of violence. Goldsmith obliges by plastering the broader sequences with a patriotic fanfare full of mighty intervalic leaps, which alternates with a romantic *First Contact*-styled B-theme. (The fanfare returns a hundred times, the *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* approach. It will also return a hundred times in the next Olympics telecast.) The action sequences put to shame the last ten years of horrible *Die Hard* scoring (excepting Michael Kamen's first, actual *Die Hard*, the film of which was ironically, at the time, *Rambo* in a building). Goldsmith owns odd-metered action music, and nobody has been able to do it nearly as good as him; consequently, this score drives, building to melody and not bombast. It sounds like *Total Recall* sans electronics meets *Rambo* meets the main title to *Night Crossing*. Although the individual motives are fairly stock—a Boba Fett semitone kicks off the evil Russian theme—Goldsmith's skill at integrating them into his rhythms, orchestrations and structures is incomparable. Yes, not since Ron Jones's *Star Trek: The Next Generation* scores has there been such exciting Jerry Goldsmith action music.

None of Joel McNeely's "additional music" was included on the album, for the same reason the disc is only 35 minutes long—those were done in separate sessions, and would have required additional musician re-use payments. McNeely's handling of the film's third-act dogfight was apt, but many of his interior cues were characterless, bristling with exaggerated orchestrations, like a trilling brass for a gun held to someone's head. The dumbest moments of the score, whoever wrote them, were undoubtedly the echoing, "Jason Jason Jason... kill kill kill" patches underscoring the hostage-execution nail-biters.

Reportedly one of the reasons Randy Newman's score was rejected was that it caught the action in an overly mickey mousing, comedic way. (Newman was also working with an orchestrator new to him who over-

embellished his cues, making them muddy and ill-balanced.) It goes to show how much harder these things are than they appear. Goldsmith, by playing through the action with his jagged, propulsive rhythms, and audaciously blasting uplift through the main title and dead-air (Newman's 1M1 was an ominous, dark affair), sold this puppy but good. —Lukas Kendall

Hercules ★★★

ALAN MENKEN, Lyrics by DAVID ZIPPEL

Walt Disney 60864-7. 24 tracks - 48:06

Hercules is Alan Menken's sixth excursion into animated features, and with the composer not slated to work on any further animated films right away (though he is reportedly contributing songs to a *Roger Rabbit* sequel), it will go down as the concluding chapter in the lengthy and massively successful Menken/Disney collaboration. Time, however, will look down on *Hercules* as the least significant entry.

Using a Greek gospel chorus to carry along the plot, Menken revisits the doo-wop style of his *Little Shop of Horrors*, but replaces the Motown-like rhythms and rousing themes with more generic and fair-to-middling gospel ditties. It's soul music that is much too calculated, and consequently is downright flat: the lack of invigorating melodies stops much of this music dead on the album (in the film, at least it aids the story). Only in Susan Egan's "I Won't Say (I'm in Love)" does Menken and lyricist David Zippel's work become inspired in the *Little Shop* manner.

The other songs are likewise lukewarm, with a forgettable number for Danny DeVito's sidekick, "One Last Hope," sounding like a rejected version of the singing gargoyles from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Perhaps the most telling sign of flagging interest comes in the treatment of the picture's central ballad, "Go the Distance," which is so restrained that it's barely The Big Uplifting Number it was intended to be. Combined with Roger Bart's annoyingly Michael Jackson-esque vocal delivery as the young Hercules, the song comes off as little more than a time-filler.

On the plus side, the pop treatment of "Go the Distance," performed by crooner Michael Bolton, is far superior to its film counterpart, with electric guitars, orchestra and thundering drums making it one of the more successful "commercial" arrangements of a Menken Disney song (still, it's no "Beauty and the Beast"). There's also plenty of orchestral score, but ultimately, *Hercules* adds up to little more than a footnote in the annals of Disney musicals. It's pleasant but average, inoffensive but uninspired, and ranks far below Menken's outstanding previous work for the Mouse. —Andy Dursin

Patton/Tora! Tora! Tora! ★★★★★

JERRY GOLDSMITH (1970)

Varèse Sarabande VSD-5796. 19 tracks - 46:54

After taking a financial drubbing the year before with *Hello, Dolly*, 20th Century Fox found itself teetering on the verge of bankruptcy when Franklin J. Schaffner's *Patton* was released in 1970. The film was met with instant critical success, ten Oscar nominations, and \$56.2 million at the box office (the equivalent of nearly \$150 million today). With its intelligent script, measured direction and legendary lead performance, *Patton* is perhaps the greatest screen biography of all time, incalculably aided by Jerry Goldsmith's unforgettable score.

In this third of seven collaborations with Schaffner, Jerry Goldsmith created a score that the composer modestly describes as "...the most intellectual exercise that I ever put forth on a film." Running only 30 minutes against the film's three-hour running time, Goldsmith's music delves into the character's complexity by scoring him with three central ideas: a stirring march (representing Patton's fierce military drive), echoing triplet figures for trumpets (translating Patton's belief in reincarnation), and a chorale (a literal solidification of Patton's faith in God). The patchwork cues for these ideas can be found in the "Attack," "First Battle" and "The Cemetery" tracks.

The other World War II film scored by Goldsmith in 1970 was the documentary-toned *Tora! Tora! Tora!* The five tracks recorded for this disc (running a hair under 11 minutes) are representative of the entire score. From the ominous spectacle of the "Main Title" to the oriental-flavored "Imperial Palace," this memorable music provides a haunting, visceral reminder of one of the darkest days in American history.

The entire album is a new recording with Goldsmith conducting the Royal Scottish National Orchestra. Although it's great music well packaged by Varèse, the one drawback is the sound. Besides the fact that the entire disc is mastered at a very low level, the trumpet triplets in *Patton* have been recorded acoustically, instead of with an echoplex. Whereas the trumpets used to be present, central and overlapping, they now sound spread out and a hundred miles away. They are the single most famous part of the score, and you can barely hear them. The fact that the

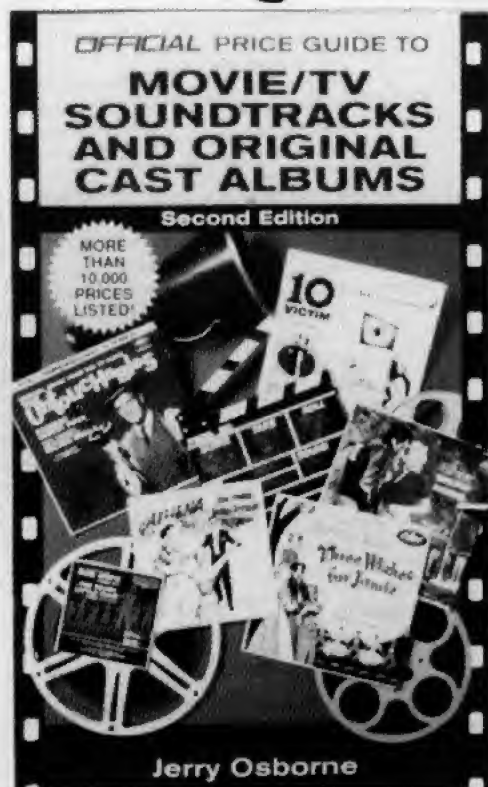
original soundtrack was just isolated underneath a documentary on *Patton*'s new laserdisc makes this CD's disparity with the original film and LP recordings all the more obvious. *Tora! Tora! Tora!* comes off better, but the recording overall shows how problematic it is to give a concert-hall ambiance to film music known for its idiosyncratic mixing and instrumentation. —Dave Buzan

RATINGS

- ★★★★★ Best
- ★★★★ Really Good
- ★★★ Average
- ★★ Pretty weak
- ★ Worst

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Human See, Human Do!

It's summer at the movies with FSM's critic-at-large, and the mental stimulation is coming not from the movies, but from charting the sad decline of it all.

by JEFF BOND

In Ohio we have our own ways of expressing displeasure at the cinemas. No one cried out "Death to Joel Schumacher!" at the screening of **Batman and Robin** I attended, but perhaps the chorus of fart noises that greeted the tender bedside scene between Alfred and Bruce Wayne was indicative of the crowd's feelings. After 90 minutes of some hideous Vegas floor show, did Schumacher think his audience would sit still for touchy-feely moments between George Clooney and Michael Gough?

Photography of union workers shoveling money into incinerators would be more entertaining and more honest than the parade of mind-numbing idiocy Hollywood has foisted on us this year. Anyone who griped about the *Star Wars* Special Additions must be looking back on them with a glow of nostalgia as the aesthetic difference between the late '70s and the mid-'90s gets hammered into our faces weekend after weekend. As for *Batman and Robin*, not since *Powder* has a director's private tastes been so blatantly thrust under the noses of an unsuspecting public, beginning with gigantic closeups of our heroes' rubberized buttocks as they suit themselves up, and moving on through Poison Ivy's introduction to Gotham City, during which she emerges from a fluffy pink gorilla suit to step onto a living carpet of oiled semi-nude musclemen. Schumacher offers a director's pedigree of the worst auteurs of the 20th century: he has Cecil DeMille's insatiable love of vulgar pageantry coupled with the story sense and acting-coach capabilities of Ed Wood. The performances in this movie are bad beyond belief, actually making the thesping in the original '60s *Batman* TV show look convincing (and remember that the Adam West series was the example Tim Burton was ordered to avoid when he began this franchise in 1989).

The fascination of Burton's original *Batman* was the way in which it brought some kind of flesh-and-blood logic to its two-dimensional cartoon world, acknowledging that Batman was, in fact, a human being with no superpowers, a guy who could get shot, hurt in a fall or knocked out by his opponents. Schumacher dispenses with that approach in the opening moments of *Batman and Robin* when Batman drops through a Gotham museum ceiling window onto an ice-covered dinosaur and slides down its tail directly into Schwarzenegger's Mr. Freeze. Moments later Batman and Robin pop ice-skate blades out of the soles of their bat-

boots (you never know when they'll come in handy) so they can engage Freeze's henchmen in a ridiculous game of ice hockey. This is magic, not action, and it destroys any possibility of generating suspense for the rest of the film. *Batman and Robin* is less believable than most Saturday morning cartoons, making the parade of desperately overblown action scenes dramatically impotent: the audience literally couldn't care less because it's obviously impossible for anyone to come to harm in this reality.

Several reviews have pointed out **Elliot Goldenthal's** score as being intrusive or overdone, but I found its effect negligible. It neither supports the action nor undermines it; it simply flails around in the background, adding another layer of excess far past the point where any more garish ornamentation would be noticed. If there's much music that's different from the composer's *Batman Forever* score it's difficult to tell (and will continue to be until the release of a genuine score album, since the song compilation, Warner Bros. 9 46620-2, 15 tracks, 67:18) features music from *Batman Forever*). The opening title music is identical to *Batman Forever*, while the rest seems to spend equal time channeling that score and *Demolition Man*.

It seemed Goldenthal was going to do something interesting with Poison Ivy when early scenes in her laboratory featured tantalizing string textures, recalling Jerry Goldsmith's VGer and Vulcan music in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*. Sadly, that's dispensed once the Poison Ivy character emerges to the tune of camped-up saxophone riffs that aren't appreciably different from the music Goldenthal used for Nicole Kidman's character in *Batman Forever*. Those jazz overtones conjured up pleasant associations with John Barry's '60s 007 scores, but the rehash here calls to mind the sleazy sex music that bubbled up in old *Star Trek* episodes whenever some vamp would bump and grind across the

stage. It was campy and tongue-in-cheek then; here it's just appallingly unimaginative. Couldn't a brilliant orchestral composer like Goldenthal find a bit more inspiration from Ivy's vegetable origins? Alexander Courage's music for the walking carrot in that old *Lost in Space* episode is more intellectually daring than this.

Action scenes are scored indifferently, bristling with Goldenthal's usual horn trills and dissonances, and only making an impact during the final battle with Freeze, when the composer brings in some sharp-edged brass writing. Goldenthal has two choices with this kind of film: either all-out melodrama or underplaying, an option that clearly would run counter to Schumacher's sensibilities.

The fact is, there's nothing for Goldenthal to accomplish in this movie. There's no drama to accompany, no suspense to hype. Danny Elfman was blessed with Tim Burton's psychological approach to the Batman character. With Batman's struggle against the Joker (and later Catwoman) reflecting his own struggle to grasp his identity and find acceptance both personally and with the public (through his misunderstood Batman persona), Elfman's music had some important dramatic notes to hit. Goldenthal has no such luck. Schumacher destroyed the series by introducing Robin (turning the Caped Crusader from a conflicted vigilante to one half of a bickering married couple) and exacerbating Burton's mistake of overstuffing the films with too many villains (be-



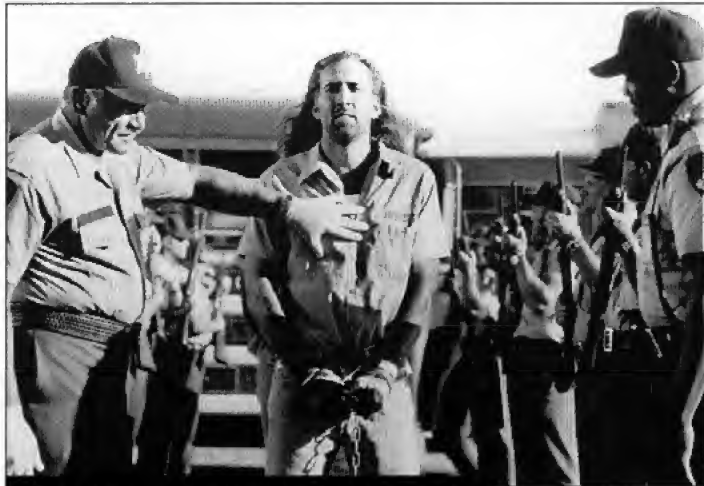
Arnold Schwarzenegger and Uma Thurman: "Pull my finger."

ginning with the tiresome Penguin of *Batman Returns*). Consequently there's too much going on at any given time: the only option for a composer is to play along with the movie's circus atmosphere. But the sets and costumes are so patently phony that Goldenthal's essentially over-serious music only magnifies how unconvincing everything is. It's the other side of the coin represented by John Williams's underplaying *Lost World* score: Williams's effort vanishes beneath the film's soundscape, while Golden-

that's effort ricochets off into the stratosphere and is equally divorced from any effect it might have on the audience.

The Agony and the Ecstasy

If movie quality was measured by the number of edits per minute, Simon West's *Con Air* would be up for a fistful of Oscars come next February. West, like *The Rock*'s Michael Bay, is



Nicolas Cage inhabited by John Travolta in John Woo's emotional *Face/Off* (right), and inhabited by Jerry Bruckheimer in *Con Air* (left).

a servant of evil—er, mega-producer Jerry Bruckheimer. Bruckheimer likes to apply the aesthetics of television commercials to movies, which means the intensity dial on the color saturation meter and digital editing gets turned up to maximum while story logic, intelligence and characterization are thrown out the window. Having good actors like Nicolas Cage, John Malkovich and John Cusack in the mix kept reminding me how much these talents were being wasted: they can barely get their mouths around the mind-numbing dialogue. The only difference between West and Bay seems to be that West doesn't actually strap his camera to a jackhammer for key sequences.

The standard response to criticizing a movie like *Con Air* is that it's just supposed to provide a brainless good time. However, even by those Neanderthalic standards, this movie is amazingly flat and predictable. The bankruptcy of ideas leads to this entry in the "poetic comeuppance for the evil villain" sweepstakes: the ne'er-do-well in question has his leg run through with a pike, is thrown through two plate glass windows, and fried on live electrical lines onto which he falls. Then he's dropped into some piece of industrial pile-driving equipment (what this was doing in the middle of the Las Vegas strip, I have no idea) which smashes his head into a pulp. Justice is served, America.

Mark Mancina and Trevor Rabin know that a movie like *Con Air* doesn't require a score. I think it's time for the whole Zimmer/Mancina group to get some kind of cor-

porate name like Scores 'R Us or Chock Full o' Scores. *Con Air* (Hollywood HR-62099-2, 17 tracks, 44:57) has even less to offer in this regard than the incredibly annoying score to last year's *The Rock*: you got yer drum machines, yer pulsing low-end synth lines and wailing electric guitars, and voila: the audience is watching the coolest people in the universe. For sensitive moments in which Cage's charac-

ter thinks about or mentions his wife, or tends to his insulin-deprived buddy, a pretty guitar and harp melody emerges and takes a bow, grinding everything to a halt. *Con Air* is a two-hour Miller Lite commercial, and the score is beer commercial music.

The one saving grace of this otherwise abysmal summer movie season has been John Woo's *Face/Off*, an operatic tale of good and evil that features two of the coolest special effects any summer blockbuster can offer: good acting and writing. This is the first action movie in recent memory where the plot, and most of the thrills, turn on character, as a life-lovin' psychopath and a tight-assed FBI family man exchange faces. The set-up for this unlikely turn of events is excruciatingly arranged for during the film's first 20 minutes, but once Nicolas Cage and John Travolta exchange identities, *Face/Off* is pure magic, crackling with the guaranteed suspense gimmick of having an amateur pretend to be someone else, the crazy fun of watching Travolta and Cage duplicate each other's mannerisms, and amazingly, an astute way of dealing with the psychological ramifications of its bizarre ideas.

The only element of *Face/Off* that let me down was **John Powell's** score (Hollywood HR-62125-2, 8 tracks, 41:44), though it wasn't a 100% letdown. By now most of you have probably tuned out my grouching about the Hans Zimmer hit factory's clone-like march of the super-Zimmers, as protégé after protégé either assists the maestro, or branches off into his own mini-industry. I don't doubt that director John Woo wanted the score he got for this



movie: he used Zimmer on *Broken Arrow*, and although I haven't seen any of Woo's previous pictures, the Hong Kong cinema from which he emerged often employs heavily electronicized techno scores.

Woo seems to have an opera singer's love of heightened lyricism, and what I liked about Powell's music was the way in which he gave vent to the hero's anguish as he's forced to

inhabit the life of the man who killed his son: from the opening slow-mo murder flashback with its heavenly choir synths and chimes, to the melancholy theme that digs into many of the key moments of psychological horror faced by the hero, Powell works on our sympathies effectively. But it's a rather one-note approach that's disappointing given how complex and surprising the plotline in *Face/Off* becomes.

Worse is the scoring of the film's bravura, Peckinpah-style action scenes, which are lame rehashes of the same scattershot synth effects from countless other high-octane summer thrillers. Woo's employment of the song "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" during a shootout is the only unexpected musical moment here; the rest just lays down the rhythm tracks with some occasional bursts of 5/4 rhythms, acknowledging the presence of Jerry Goldsmith briefly before getting back to wall-to-wall electronic percussion.

I'm going to make a modest proposal and say that the producers of *Batman and Robin* and *Face/Off* should have exchanged composers. *Batman and Robin* was so noisy and dumb that the kind of minimalist, atmospheric score Powell wrote for *Face/Off* would have cut through the sound effects and maybe given the film some kind of strange dignity. As for Goldenthal, I consider him a superb composer, but I've yet to see the movie that has been able to work on the same hard-edged, brutal level of his orchestrations. *Face/Off's* action sequences have the kind of flow and balletic grace that Joel Schumacher could never have provided, and Goldenthal's burbling, snarling brass work would have functioned magnificently as psy-

chological underscoring in Woo's movie, giving voice to the terrible emotional violence undergone by Nicolas Cage as the hero, and the wonderfully implicit menace of John Travolta's character as he's inhabited by the villain, insinuating himself into the hero's life and family. When Goldenthal's writing a modern symphony for a piece of crap like *A Time to Kill* I get confused and worried for him, but it would be great to see him hook up with another twisted genius like John Woo.

Counter Intelligent Programming

As a fully-rounded, married individual, I sample more than the standard male diet of formulaic special effects movies, and this summer that meant seeing the Julia Roberts comedy **My Best Friend's Wedding**. The director had previously made *Muriel's Wedding*, so Hollywood has effectively identified the subject matter he's capable of handling. Although its plotline of Julia Roberts attempting to destroy the woman marrying her old flame seems a little sadistic for empowered young women of the '90s, the film is unpredictable enough to make it a breath of fresh air in the wake of earlier would-be frothy affairs (*One Fine Day* comes to mind). It's given a real boost by the presence of Rupert Everett as Roberts's cool gay pal (this guy has evidently signed on to play a gay secret agent in an upcoming film—John Barry, tune up your electric guitars!).

James Newton Howard has proven adept at countering his action movie assembly-line efforts with smaller comic pictures, and *My Best Friend's Wedding* features some pleasantly sweet romantic moments (compiled as a 6:18 suite on the film's song album, Work/Sony OK 68166, 13 tracks, 46:20), although Howard's thumping mock-classical approach for the comic plotting sequences gets heavy-handed. Howard wrote a busy, Gershwin-style score for the painfully forced *One Fine Day*—another example of a composer thanklessly trying to make an audience believe they're watching a funny movie when all available evidence points to the contrary. Howard also wrote a memorably direct love theme for Julia Roberts's original star-making vehicle, *Pretty Woman*, and it's a shame that that highly-marketed commodity never received a release of its score.

The composer most in evidence in *My Best Friend's Wedding* is '60s icon Burt Bacharach, whose song "I Say a Little Prayer for You" gets performed in the movie's best-remembered set piece. Bacharach's indelible pop style was never well suited to film scoring—his Oscar-winning score to *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* has doomed that movie to endless future unintentional laughter produced by its swingin' a capella vocal effects, although his other major opus, the James Bond mishmash *Casino Royale*, is a great time capsule of '60s songs and instrumentals. As a songwriter, Bacharach has

been consigned to elevators across the nation until the last few years, when aging baby boomers have grown nostalgic for his bitter-sweet, complex melodies and their Hal David lyrics. He's trotted on-screen in person in Mike Myers's *Austin Powers*, which was the first film of the year to launch the current Bacharach retrospective. It's all part of my theory that virtually anything cool can trace its roots to the '60s.

Ka-Ching! Come the Men in Black

Apparently the runaway blockbuster hit of summer '97 is preordained to be *Men in Black*, which has managed to defeat its competition by being the least overtly moronic event movie of the season. Based on a cult comic book, MIB (as people who refer to *Independence Day* as ID4 call it) follows the adventures of shades-sporting secret government operatives whose job is to cover up the one fact/joke that Earth has been swarming with thousands of bizarre extraterrestrials since the '50s. MIB is imaginatively designed and written (I love the idea that the movie's MacGuffin is a galaxy the size of a marble, which is also a setup for the film's existential final shot) and reasonably, if not hysterically, funny. I was looking forward to something along the lines of the enjoyability factor of *Ghostbusters* here, and while MIB is infinitely superior to the moribund *Ghostbusters 2*, its laughs are scattershot. Oddly

manfully struggles through a great physical performance as a possessed farmer that's sadly monotonous as written. It all goes to show what a miracle the original *Ghostbusters* was: it's hard to create an atmosphere of improvisational comedy when you're spending \$80 million, which is probably why most giant comedies like *1941* and *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* aren't really all that funny.

I can't imagine anyone other than Danny Elfman scoring *Men In Black*: no one has straddled the opposing poles of mega-blockbusters and quirky, oddball comic films more skillfully than the former Oingo Boingo musician. Elfman's rock background makes him perfectly suited for capturing the inherent Blues Brothers "cool" factor of *Men in Black*, with a "walk theme" seemingly derived from such classic Henry Mancini bass lines as those in *Peter Gunn* and the second Inspector Clouseau movie, *A Shot in the Dark*. Other moments feature Elfman at his most Bernard Herrmann, with bold, overlapping low brass chords a la *Day the Earth Stood Still* and the Harryhausen films, and delicate harp arpeggios in the style of vintage *Twilight Zones*.

Unfortunately, the film's comic pacing and jumpy editorial flow don't allow for the greatest scoring opportunities: there are few lengthy cues, mostly just transi-



Will Smith, Rip Torn and Tommy Lee Jones, making more money than most people will ever see in their life. Well maybe not Rip Torn, although he's the coolest.

enough, it's

Tommy Lee Jones who gets off most of the major yuks by playing a sort of a Texan Jack Webb, while the coveted Will Smith seems a little low on bluster, generating fewer laughs in his full-length role here than he did with his intermittent appearances in *Independence Day*. Even the brilliant Rip Torn is only allowed a couple of opportunities to reveal his mastery of the blunt put-down, while Vincent D'Onofrio

tions to the next comic vignette, and much of the composer's more interesting effects get buried under explosions or Ben Burt-style alien gibberish. Compared to Elfman's full-bore, operatic *Mars Attacks!* this score is almost unnoticeable. Two cuts totaling 5:36 of the composer's work—the main theme and the great title sequence that follows a dragonfly in flight over a desert highway—have been released on

the movie's pop-crammed soundtrack album (Columbia/Sony CK 68169, 16 tracks, 66:14), the primary feature of which is a forgettable rap number by Will Smith. All the more reason to hasten the day when we all have DVD players and all movie soundtracks are isolated in stereo on their video releases.

My God, It's Full of... Gump

Alan Silvestri gets the plum assignment of scoring one of the few attempts at an intelligent science fiction movie in the last decade, Robert Zemeckis's **Contact**. Watching a big-time special effects epic that doesn't toss an explosion in your face every five minutes was an almost

works, but *Contact* falls more into the category of *The Abyss*, a patchwork of unrelated material. Silvestri makes the fatal mistake early on of succumbing to the Gump-like sentimental atmosphere, belaboring the cloying emotions of the early scenes between Ellie as a young girl and her father with sensitive piano tunes and delicately impressionistic flute lines. Both the movie and the score take off during the thrillingly staged radio signal sequence, as Silvestri gives a tantalizing hint of what his score might have been: taking his cue from the surging vibrations of the alien signal, Silvestri launches some great minimalistic tremuloso string effects that bring to mind John Adams's

straight out of George Pal's *When Worlds Collide*, or that San Diego suicide cult; and the exciting launch cues for the space pod in which Foster takes her voyage to the heart of the universe. All of these cues function quite well within the individual scenes, but leave little impression beyond them, and the same can be said of the film itself: it contains some of the most amazing special effects and striking imagery in a science fiction film in years, but its easy answers and derivative concepts do little to stretch the genre.

Not to Be Missed Reissue

Finally given the quality album release it has long deserved is **Jerry Goldsmith's A Patch of Blue** (Intrada MAF 7076, 19 tracks, 31:48), which was mangled long ago by Mainstream and released on CD by that label with crummy sound, repeated music and mismatched segues, not to mention the fact that it opened with the sound effects of a character in the movie whistling....

Intrada has remedied all those errors and reassembled the complete score in chronological order, including the two source cues heard in the Mainstream recording. Goldsmith was given a plum opportunity with this story of a blind girl's relationship with a sympathetic black man played by Sidney Poitier: the uneducated girl is barely equipped to articulate her feelings for the man, while Poitier is constrained by 1965 race relations to keep his own feelings under wraps. That leaves the composer with the lion's share of emoting in this movie, with its stark black and white photography and long sequences uncluttered by dialogue. Goldsmith's Oscar-nominated score makes the most of the opportunity, with its four-note piano arpeggio and lonely harmonica theme imparting an exquisite delicacy and tenderness to the movie.

What I love about Goldsmith's work in the '60s and '70s is the way he always starts off with the tough, astringent language of the avant garde, his strings remarkably tight, bass notes as hard and heavy as boulders even for this kind of folksy subject matter. So, when his undeniably beautiful, moving melodies emerge they're imbued with an underlying power and reality that would be lacking if the composer simply opened with pure romanticism. The score to *A Patch of Blue* contains some of the most delicately probing material Goldsmith has ever produced, its shifting textures and subtle variations attaining an almost organic quality throughout, functioning as an attendant chorus to the two taciturn main characters in the film. It's a sad and deeply moving score and I'm very glad Intrada has given it this impeccable presentation. •



Jodie Foster listening to Mike and the Mad Dog on WFAN 660AM, New York, 1-3PM.

Herculean effort for this attention-span-starved audience member, and Zemeckis and his writers didn't help matters by making the opening 45 minutes of *Contact* a numbingly predictable mix of treacly father-daughter bonding scenes and hackneyed "obsessed quixotic scientist" tropes, made palatable only by the presence of Jodie Foster in the lead role of scientist Ellie Arroway. (They also confused matters by putting a genuinely amazing explosion at the end of the second act, engendering a polite round of applause from the unsuspecting audience, like golf.)

I respect the way *Contact*'s script (and apparently Carl Sagan's novel) directly addresses the religious aspect that is usually an unspoken element of post-*Close Encounters* alien movies, but for all its technical brilliance, and genuine excitement as Foster mounts her journey to the stars, *Contact* offers up a climax as disappointing in its way as the finale of William Shatner's misguided *Star Trek V*. In fact, the general level of philosophical debate in *Contact* is not much evolved beyond a typical *Star Trek* episode, which is odd considering how Carl Sagan always looked down his nose at the series.

Alan Silvestri has proven with scores like *Forrest Gump* and *Judge Dredd* that he's capable of producing coherent, fully-developed



Shaker Loops, a wonderful concert piece that would make for a great score to a science fiction movie.

I only wish Silvestri had stuck to this kind of material for the entire score. Evidently Silvestri and Zemeckis decided to emphasize the "people" aspect of this story by elevating the simple, emotionally direct piano material for Foster's relationship with her father so that it would become the signature moments for the score. (This material almost completely dominates the lengthy end titles.) Maybe it sounds original to center a big-budgeted sci fi movie around simple human emotions a la *Forrest Gump*, but the approach belabors the obvious and beats the audience over the head.

Michael Nyman has proven with his scores to *Carrington* and *The Piano* that minimalistic effects can be just as effective in scoring scenes of emotional power, and they also function perfectly as symbolic markers of obsession with their repeated melodic fragments (a lesson Bernard Herrmann learned well before the term "minimalism" was invented). The John Adams-like material could have given the film a more sober and mysterious quality and still served the lyrical development Zemeckis was evidently looking for. As it stands, there's little relationship between the material for Ellie's daddy obsessions; the darker, suspense-oriented cues that are related to John Hurt's mysterious billionaire character (who seems to have walked

Music & Storytelling of the May Sweeps

What, you dared pass up a TV event? Our man of the boob tube was there: he came, he taped, he saw. And he listened...

by CHRISTOPHER WALSH

Okay, how much TV did we all watch last sweeps month? At least as far as TV is concerned, if it's crap, it's still free. In the quest to remember what was wheat and what was chaff in the recent feature-sized productions, here's a run-down:

The Odyssey

The NBC miniseries of *The Odyssey* overcame the problems of translating literature to TV; despite the Cliff's Notes story condensing, poorly timed cuts to commercials, and cartoonishness of men-in-togas acting, the end result was a well-paced, beautifully shot yarn. While the poetry of the original epic was left far behind, the moments of humanity in the acting made the changes worthwhile. Penelope's unraveling of the wedding shroud, usually presented as a calculated plan to delay the suitors' proposals, comes across here as an impetuous, impulsive yet correct moment. Some offbeat casting choices came off well (though Michael J. Pollard as squeaky-voiced "Gawd" Iolus became instantly grating); the special effects were excellent, outside of a disastrous serpent early on; and the earthy Greek deities wisely were presented with variety and never in the formal, God-in-the-clouds manner that *Monty Python* and *the Holy Grail* parodied.

The music by **Eduard Artemyev**, however, was a disappointing reminder of why the words "synth" and "dreck" are so frequently linked. The score seems the only part of the \$40 million production that was not lavishly done. An electronic ensemble tried to give the film an epic power, but offered no interesting aural associations and came off as a jarring attempt to save money. The only effective moments came from live acoustic and ethnic instruments, suggesting that this miniseries needed more archaic-sounding live music, much the way Michael Kamen originally hoped to score *Robin Hood*. Another hint of what-might-have-been was an acoustic, coiled "longing for Ithaca" theme, frequently played on ethnic instruments in Part II. This melody, which Maurice Jarre would have been happy to write, captured the simple pleasures which Odysseus missed so dearly (though Gretta Scacchi is more than a simple pleasure...).

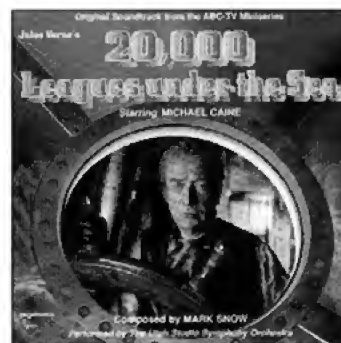
Even with the crushing schedules of scoring

for miniseries, excellent music is possible; think of the successful scores for *The Stand*, *Gettysburg*, *Masada* and others. The choice of Artemyev seems odd given the talent pool of capable composers which the producers of *The Odyssey* have tapped in recent years: Francis Ford Coppola got meaty scores from Kamen (*Jack*) and Wojciech Kilar (*Dracula*); Nicholas Meyer got muscular, moody work from Cliff Eidelman (*Star Trek VI*); and Robert Halmi, Sr. worked with Trevor Jones on *Gulliver's Travels*. Director Andrei Konchalovsky has also worked with Jones, on the intense action drama *Runaway Train*; that film's blend of rock, chorus, Japanese flute and Vivaldi's "Gloria" built to a finale that was heartbreaking and triumphant at the same time.

Given all of these potential scorers—and add the fact that completely different, *StarGate*-styled orchestral music was used in every single *Odyssey* promo and commercial break—and we were continually reminded of the weakness of the final score.

Robin Cook's Invasion

Even for someone like me who will forgive most anything if there are hot babes in it (this had Kim Cattrall and Rebecca Gayheart), this miniseries was Exhibit Z in how hard it is to do science fiction credibly on television.



As with *The Beast*, we get cool computer-generated special effects serving a story on par with creative typing. Robin Cook first wrote the story for the miniseries and then wrote the novel, perhaps sensing that there was no point in stuffing a novel's elaboration into a four-hour chunk of TV sweeps time. The acting was of the standard "we're possessed by aliens, so we're stiff" mode. Luke Perry probably can portray someone with a brain—he's effective as an archaeologist in the opening of the wondrous

The Fifth Element—but he doesn't do that here. And anyone who complains about the stylish SF series *Babylon 5* having overwritten dialogue should watch *Invasion* for an example of something a lot worse. Rockne O'Bannon, who wrote *Invasion's* script, has yet to demonstrate the promise he showed on his *New Twilight Zone* work from 12 years ago; here, like in the film *Alien Nation* and the series *SeaQuest DSV* (which he helped to create, but then left before it premiered), it's as if he's saying, "Hey, this sci-fi stuff is a hit with the kiddies."

Invasion's composer **Don Davis** is slowly raising his profile in feature work, going the route of small films by young filmmakers. His first major calling-card was the kinky and audience-polarizing *Bound*, for which he strove to create a Morricone-inspired mood. In the meantime, he continues to work in television, often for science-fiction-ish miniseries such as *The Beast*, *Pandora's Clock*, and now NBC's *Invasion*. He himself performs the electronic score to *Invasion*, and keeps the sound dense, up-front and varied.

Invasion, released on CD by Super Tracks (STCD 881, 22 tracks, 72:57), has a slamming musical opening with interesting electronic percussion styled after the drums from James Horner's *Aliens*. There was standard foreboding music throughout Part I, as more and more people become infected and turn stiff, and a piano theme for the in-love kids (Perry and Gayheart); this crops up in different forms as first he is possessed and then she is infected, and returns on electronics in the finale ("Tears of Sorrow/End Title"). There is an actual arc to the score, growing bigger until an 11-minute nonstop musical finale (which reminded me of W. G. Snuffy Walden's climactic choral-orchestral cue in *Stephen King's The Stand*).

At least Davis's music was audible and used in the promos and commercial breaks. Someone who has HBO might want to see how Davis fares on the recent cable-film *Weapons of Mass Destruction*.

Stephen King's The Shining

Horror, as Stephen King writes in his non-fiction work *Danse Macabre*, is a conservative genre. Characters descend into a special hell where all is twisted and deviant, but some of

them conquer this darkness and escape into the light of normalcy. It is this release back into the world of love and the nuclear family—always with a hint that the evil survives—that is so satisfying. King has used this idea to his advantage throughout his career, and it is a story progression that most horror stories, even the *Friday the 13th* crap, follow.

The above is both apropos to why the finale of the ABC TV version of *The Shining* works

Native American references and motifs to the film. If so, the message is that there are horrors for which we as a society have yet to atone. I have enjoyed both renditions of *The Shining*, the new one because it successfully follows the horror-tale formula and the first one because it so successfully violates that pattern.

As to the score, it was fairly standard action-horror business. Written by **Nicholas Pike**, who previously scored *Sleepwalkers* for King

newly invented, have their own ambiguities; no one acts like a simple hero or villain, but like an individual. This makes for better drama, especially at the finale, when Aronnax commits an act that he would not have done any other time before. Even Verne's other works, particularly *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, have an intriguing role in this story.

The attention to detail is eye-opening. The submarine's sonic environment is rendered to

Like film music, TV programs have to have an immediate impact; they must hook you, or you tune out. Unfortunately, this encourages many shows to resort to clichés.

like gangbusters, and in a different way why Stanley Kubrick's 1980 film with Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall worked its own awful magic. (Spoilers ahead, folks.) The ABC miniseries works reasonably well during its first four hours, with strong work from Rebecca DeMornay as Wendy Torrance and effective acting by the child who plays Danny, but it didn't make much of an impression. It was in Part III that the show hit its stride, and one key to this is when Steven Weber comes into his own as the tormented Jack Torrance. Whereas Nicholson's performance was that of a nut—though one of the great nuts in horror film history—Weber, at the end, conveys a sense of both the possessed madman who is attacking his loved ones with a croquet mallet and the family man who is horrified at what he is doing. Weber's struggling with demons was his most effective acting moment. In the end, he lets himself die in a boiler explosion, which stops the hotel's evil forces while his family escapes.

Having Jack vacillate between Evil and Good, and choose Good, probably follows the original novel (which I haven't read). The miniseries—ending ten years later when Danny graduates from high school—plays to the sense of a normalcy that is both restored and heightened: Danny, using "the shine," can see his dead father watching him proudly. This is the return to the light that horror normally plays to, and it's a wonderful moment, the most affecting in the miniseries. (This allows the music to wrap up the story with well-done warmth as well, including what sounds like a happy Philip Glass string rhythm!) The hint that Evil never disappears occurs, too, as we cut back to the ruins of the hotel, where a sign announces its coming restoration.

Kubrick's intention, however, was much different. He deliberately changed the ending (and included the famously awful shot of Nicholson in the snow) to deny the audience a return to normalcy; he wanted viewers to leave the film feeling uncomfortable and unhappy. One critic suggested that Kubrick portrays the events in the hotel as a microcosm of the horrors committed in the name of Manifest Destiny; this might explain why Kubrick added

and director Mick Garris, the music augments the horror with a few themes cropping up here and there. (Pike has pressed a promotional CD of the score on NPRM 217, 21 tracks, 45:59.) Two choral motifs add to the supernatural feel at the hotel, while a piano theme used early on ("Draw Good Fruit") seems a nod to "Tubular Bells." There is also plenty of low-orchestral growling straight from the *Aliens*/*Alien*³ school. However, the resulting music feels shapeless, merely marking time by saying "this is horrible." (There are even shrieking strings straight out of *Psycho* near the end!)

As the hotel's evil spirits conjured up images of the big band era—including such tunes as "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" and "I Can't Get Started"—one possible scoring approach occurred to me: is it possible to write evil big band music? While something like this actually occurs in *The Shining* at one point ("Unmask!") it might have been too goofy. Still, the team which produced this miniseries also produced *Stephen King's The Stand*, which had one of the best unexpected scores to a TV program in years. The filmmakers knew that what King called "that big old 16,000-track John Williams thang" would overwhelm their story, and W.G. Snuffy Walden complied by writing for a small rock-and-blues ensemble with occasional orchestra. Something similarly offbeat might have been interesting for *The Shining*.

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

This is the handsomest piece of TV in a long time. Done with style and verve for ABC—following a flatfooted version on CBS a few months earlier—the four-hour miniseries of the Jules Verne classic is thick with ideas, condensing the novel in well-thought-out ways and adding absorbing new wrinkles such as racial difficulties and family conflicts. The narrator Aronnax, portrayed by a surprisingly good Patrick Dempsey, becomes a more active character, adding action and conviction without sacrificing intelligence. This miniseries avoids obvious villains—a smart choice, as Nemo (Michael Caine) is one of the greatest ambiguous characters in science fiction. In fact most of the characters, whether from the novel or

an extent to which television rarely bothers, making the Nautilus that much more believable. *20,000 Leagues* makes admirable use of subtle and well-done special effects, include a 20-foot-long shark swimming between two rows of divers (one of the best composite shots ever on a TV show) and, to close the miniseries, a long pull back from one yard above the ocean to hundreds of feet over it.

Like the eight-hour miniseries *The Stand* mentioned above, whose first four hours really sold the story successfully, this new rendition struts with confidence, conveying the spirit if not the exact plot of the original tale. However, also like *The Stand*, the story loses some of its focus about halfway through, and has to struggle back toward the heights of the opening. At the end, the story doesn't unravel so much as stop, resolving only a couple of plot threads, and thus diluting the tale's power.

I perked up when I learned that **Mark Snow**, who has done superlative atmospheric work on *The X-Files*, was scoring this miniseries. My first impression was that it was fairly standard orchestral work, with occasional moments of cheesy synthesizers, but upon further inspection feel that this is a well-crafted, effective score with hints of Herrmann. The use of synths is there at times, and they work less well than does the orchestra, but again Mark Snow does what he is highly capable of: achieving an intriguing atmosphere. This music, released on CD by Prometheus (PCD 143, 20 tracks, 44:31) is more straightforward than *The X-Files*, but is light-years ahead of his work on those *Ernest* movies.

TV series

Despite the premature demise of the enjoyably bleak *EZ Streets*, there's a happy abundance of still-worthy television today. A well-written TV show can convey a sense of structure that dramatic writing simply must have, so these programs can serve as object lessons in How to Write. The drama is often simple and undeveloped, but then so is much of our beloved film music. Like film music, TV programs have to have an immediate impact; they must hook you, or they feel like dead air and you rightful-

ly tune out. While this encourages most shows to resort to clichés—there's a book that lists the few dozen plots that have served as the basis for 98% of all sitcom episodes ever—there are shows that grab you the way a good Herrmann-scored Hitchcock film can.

The idea is simply to watch carefully, and to have little patience for programs you find dishonest. Yes, the level of crap on our hundreds of channels is well above 9-out-of-10; yes, most viewers are content to watch the most shallow and obvious shows; yes, the ratings system is both fundamentally flawed and not likely to be replaced. There is still worthwhile material on the tube—including *The Simpsons*, not being mentioned here due to its massive coverage recently in FSM (Vol. 2, No. 2).

ER, The Practice and weird themes

Four years ago in *Film Score Monthly*, album producer Nick Redman stated that composers in film and television "would have to think in terms of new textures... [and] the possibility of small ensembles, chamber music." Richard Kraft added how he admired Graeme Revell's work on *Dead Calm*, scored "for cello, African percussion and heavy breathing," and a Richard Gibbs piece "for ukelele and chicken." (FSM #36/37, August/September 1993). The point was that the next likely path towards distinctive scoring would be the use of idiosyncratic sounds. There is more and more of this on television nowadays, mainly in opening titles.

The experimentation has been to the detriment of melody; even a composer as thematically driven as Danny Elfman leaned away from obvious themes in his textured *Dead Presidents* score. The results have been noteworthy for their true assertiveness, a still-too-rare feature of television scoring. I read a Jerry Fielding interview where he said most audiences will remember a unique sound more readily than a theme, and I agree. To give one example, on the *Mission: Impossible* feature cue "Train Time," it was Elfman's brass color and not the slamming eight-note motif which first made an impression on me.

So now we have such title music as *ER*, *Homicide* (with *Seven*-esque opening credits), *NYPD Blue*, *The X-Files* (at least there's a theme we can grasp), *Home Improvement* and its tongue-in-cheek "machine music," and *Seinfeld's* *Seinfeld*-style scoring. The late-season *Fired Up* (blessed with two winning actresses but not yet distinguished in its script-work) had thick and smile-inducing use of fiddles, courtesy Mark Mothersbaugh of Devo fame. Also, the edgy theme to David E. Kelley's excellent new series *The Practice* immediately establishes that show's ragged feel.

For the most part, unfortunately, this experimentation has not reached to the actual scores for episodes. Exceptions have been *Seinfeld*, *NYPD Blue*—whose music really evolved out of what Mike Post was writing as far back as *Hill Street Blues*—and of course *The X-Files*, evalu-

ated in FSM #76 (December 1996).

As for some other shows: Though *ER's* Martin Davich has worked off-kilter bongo rhythms into the operating room scenes, creating an interesting and distinctive sound that breaks through the sound effects, the rest of the episodic scoring has been of the "here's the solo piano, it's time to cry" school. In other words, ideas we've heard before.

Also, the only part of *The Practice* that I've found disappointing has been the episodic scoring by Stewart Levin, who did stronger work on *Picket Fences*. It's as if the music is tracked in, and they're using nothing but the synth-string sustains from *NYPD Blue*. Like too much TV scoring, the music tilts the feeling of scenes in an obvious emotional direction; a phone call from a potentially disturbed defendant was scored with music that said, "Look out, he's nuts!" Perhaps, being a courtroom drama, *The Practice* should use as little music as possible—though it doesn't use much as it is—and let what music there is punch out of the sonic void. It might be more interesting—more experimental. (And next time you watch the show, note the sly use of the *Picket Fences* theme in the logo for David E. Kelley Productions.)

Star Trek: Voyager

There were some felicitous moments music-wise this season: Dennis McCarthy provided a beautiful, classical sadness to the episode where Robert Picardo as The Doctor lives a life with a computer-generated family. And for the season finale, where the Voyager meets first the Borg and then the one race even the Borg fear (spiffily rendered in *Babylon 5*-style computer effects), Jay Chattaway threw in a percussion-based theme and threatening brass that barked and trilled.

But we're still left with the current *Star Trek* conundrum: two shows with strong actors, writers, directors, producers and composers—yet the results are shows that simply mark time at a cost of over \$1.6 million an episode.

In Closing

It's starting to look as if the only truly noteworthy music event in the May sweeps was having k.d. lang and Melissa Etheridge on *Ellen's* so-called "Puppy" episode. So now, as we're settled into summer reruns—punctuated by NBC's suprisingly desperate "If You Haven't Seen It, It's New to You!" campaign—remember that TV can reward the careful viewer whose consumption is well-seasoned with grains of salt.

Fantastic Television ★★★

GNP/Crescendo GNPD 8051

28 tracks • 59:55

The good news about *Fantastic Television* is that it rescues Joel Goldsmith's super title music to the syndicated *The Untouchables* series. There was only one reason to tune in to this show, which had the brass to substitute John Rhys-Davies for the 1987 film's Sean Connery: Goldsmith's ass-kicking title theme with its manly horn melody, brimming with vigilante self-righteousness, and an involving 'B' theme of strings over earth-shaking percussion.

My blood pressure shot up a few notches when I saw the legend "performed by Joel Goldsmith," but happily this is the full-blooded orchestral version. (Joel does perform a synthesized take on his dad's theme for *Star Trek: Voyager*.) Joel is also represented by his busy synth-and-orchestra fanfare to the defunct syndicated *Hawkeye*, and there are other previously unavailable pieces here, notably Fred Mollin's snappy elec-

tronic motifs for William Shatner's *Tekwar*, USA's *Beyond Reality*, and his foreboding music for the bizarre second season makeover of Paramount's *War of the Worlds*. John Debney also provides a synthesized take on his *seaQuest DSV* theme.

The "performed by" definition gets a real stretching: Dennis McCarthy evidently plays all the instruments in an exciting orchestral-and-electronic suite from *V*. On the other hand, the melancholy "Lonely Man Theme" from *The Incredible Hulk* is a piano solo, so I believe that composer Joe Harnell probably did perform it. And I know Neil Norman and his Cosmic Orchestra did the swingin' arrangements of Barry Gray's *UFO* and *Space 1999* year two themes, although they're not far from the rockin' original theme treatments. There are plenty of other memorable themes on this album... unfortunately, the numerous themes from the '60s and '70s, including *The Munsters*, *Gunsmoke*, *Bonanza*, *The Rockford Files*, and *I Spy*, are the works of '60s

mainstay Billy Strange, who used to jockey with Hugo Montenegro to see who could belt out the most ersatz arrangements of popular tunes. Strange was a skilled musician of his time, and since the jazz/rock of '60s popular music made such a deep impression on television themes of the period these arrangements are not that far from the mark. But for collectors, Strange's arrangements won't pass muster as anything but another addition to the growing assortment of ironic atomic-age lounge music: good for some smug chuckles and a whiff of the follies of yesteryear.

With 28 tracks *Fantastic Television* manages to cover just about every cult show ever made, but it can't decide whether it wants to be an archival collection like the TVT *Television's Greatest Hits* albums or a tongue-in-cheek take-off with the retro Norman and Strange approaches. It's worth buying for collectors who want *Untouchables*, *V* and Mollin music.

—Jeff Bond

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Black Robe - Georges Delerue '91	75
'Boy Who Could Fly, The - Bruce Broughton '86	110
Buccaneers, The - Colin Towns (1994) U.K.	75
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Grifters, The - Elmer Bernstein	50
'Hello Again - William Goldstein '87	45
'JFK - John Williams '92	35
Kafka - Cliff Martinez '92	60
'Lorca - Mark McKenzie Promo	100
'Metro - Steve Porcaro Promo	100
Native Americans, The (TBS special ST) Robbie Robertson	12
Paperhouse - Hans Zimmer, Stanley Myers (hole in book)	45
Piano Lesson, The - Dwight Andrews/S.J. Taylor promo	75
'Red Shoes, The - Great Movie Ballets & Dances '90	45
Regarding Henry - Hans Zimmer '91 (box is notched)	50
Rooftops - various '89 (left top corner cut off booklet)	35
Space Ghost: Coast to Coast - Ltd. Ed. - Sonny Sharrock	125
Steel Magnolias - Georges Delerue '89	60
'Stranger Than Paradise and The Resurrection of Albert Ayler - John Lurie - Belgian Pressing (box notched)	75
Summer Story, A - Georges Delerue '88	60
Tatie Danielle - Gabriel Yared (French) '90	35
Time of Destiny, A - Ennio Morricone '88	80
'Toy Soldiers - Robert Folk '91	60
Visiteurs, Les - Eric Levi '93 (French)	45
'Waiting for Guffman - (Red, White and Blaine) '96 Promo	75

45s w/o PIX COVERS AUCTION

	Min. Bid
By the Sword Divided - BBC-TV "Consort" Theme '83	\$20
First Travelling Saleslady, The - Song: A Corset Can Do a Lot for a Lady. Fran Warren, promo, Unique 342	20
Josita - Film Theme from "Sea Fury" - Philip Green U.K.	20
Makin' It - ABC-TV - Theme - Promo (David Naughton)	20
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Diana - U.K. TV '84 Stanley Myers - Theme from Series	\$15
Dollaro Bucato, Un - 'A Man... A Story' 2nd Film: I Supremi - 'Django' - Italian - Jaguar JG 70058	50
Heartburn - Theme performed by Carly Simon	20
Hot Metal - U.K. TV '82 Alan Price - Theme from Series	10
In Nome Del Papa Re - A. Trovalodi - Beat BTF 106 - Italy	50
Kelly's Heroes - 'Burning Bridges' sung by Clint Eastwood	40
Long March, The - Christopher Gunning - U.K. '88 (Theme)	15
Lyttton's Diary (Theme) - Rick Wakeman - U.K. TV '85	15
Morons from Outer Space - U.K. Film - The Morons '85	20
Muna-Moto - Musiques de Films Africains - French	25
Orzowel - Italian TV - Performed by Oliver Onions '77	35
Profumo Della Signora In Nero - Piovani '74 Beat BTF 087	45
Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy - Theme U.K. TV '80	15
Triangolo Delle Bermude - S. Cipriani - Beat BTF 108 '78	45
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LPs 12" FOR AUCTION

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Biggles - S. Syrewicz '85 U.K. Various Performers	35
'Children of Babylon - Harold Butler - Jamaica '79	50
Falling in Love Again - Michel Legrand PROMO	150
Final Come-Down - Grant Green/Wade Marcus Promo '72	75
Flygniva 450 - Ralph Lundsten / Sweden '80	35
Hawk: The Slayer - Harry Robertson (gatefold) Chips '80	65
I Spy - Earle Hagen - TV Series Capitol ST2839	40
Mighty Hercules, The - Adventure Cartoon TV/Golden 108	30
'Mission: Impossible - Theme/12" Single Clayton/Mullen	15
Musica Nel Cinema, La - Giovanni Fusco Vol. 2 Italy '69	150
Race for the Wire - Marion Evans (Anaconda Industrial Film)	70
Sound in Ebony, A - Black History Gospel ST	25
Videodrome - Howard Shore '82 Varese STV 81173	35
Wait Until Dark - Special Open End Interviews w/ Film stars = Audrey Hepburn + w/script (cover worn, record fair)	75

MENTAL HEALTH DEPT.

The Soundtrack "Psycho" Report

Think of Travis Bickles surrounded by CDs in shrink wrap—men who would not take it anymore—men who got E-mail accounts. Our investigative reporter explores...

by PATRICK "BUGGER" RUNKLE

POP QUIZ: Your house is burning down. You race in to rescue:

- Your wife.
- Your autographed copy of the

Captain Ron promo CD.

I was inspired to write this article after having had enough of various soundtrack collectors on the Internet and elsewhere. I simply can't take it anymore: the incessant bitching about how some trailer music isn't on CD; the endless auctions of items like *Ricochet* for \$40 which are readily available everywhere; and mostly the unrelenting attitude that the world exists to serve them.

If you actually enjoy listening to score CDs and leave your house more than twice a week, I'm not talking to you. But let's consider a case study from the files of Dr. Cairo, shall we?

"Billy" is a soundtrack collector who thinks he's pretty damn cool. He has his own web page with a whole load of piss-ant soundtrack reviews (pretty spiffy, huh?), but, most importantly, he owns lots and lots of rare soundtrack CDs like the Chris Young 5CD promo set, *Flesh + Blood, Cherry 2000, King Kong Lives*, and many more.

This could be anyone, right? Right. But in the next section we have the point at which obsessive collecting turns into a downward spiral of decay, madness, and, ultimately, death...

"Billy" buys two copies of every CD just to make sure that nothing is wrong, and in case it ever gets collectible. This means that half of his collection is still sealed. Most interestingly, though, "Billy" stores one copy of his rarest CDs in a safety deposit box on the East Coast, and the other on the West Coast, and then makes a recordable-CD of the score for his own masturbatory purposes. "What are the chances of two banks, one on either side of the country, being destroyed?" Billy asks inquisitively.

I must stop here to remind you that this is true, and that if this sounds even slightly familiar you should seek professional help immediately. On the point about the banks, I must agree with "Billy": The chances of two banks

being destroyed on opposite sides of the U.S. are pretty damn slim. However, when I pressed "Billy" as to what CDs he stores in the bank, I received the following answer:

Two copies of Robert Folk's earbleed-inducing score to *Toy Soldiers*, now apparently out-of-print from Intrada.

Now, as a professional, I am concerned about "Billy." But another soundtrack collector who I'll refer to as "Jimmy" told me something much more heinous. You see, "Jimmy" is not content to be a just an annoying soundtrack collector. "Jimmy" thinks he is Mr. Big, in charge of Soundtracks Incorporated. "Jimmy" bought no less than 15 copies of the expanded *Krull* when it came out, and then bragged about selling them for four or five times as much several years later.

"Good for 'Jimmy'," some would say—maybe even Recordman. But I would have to disagree for the following reasons:

(a) People who do this are just making a cheap, underhanded buck off their fellow music fans. Since we all know a person who has the time and resources to buy 15 copies of *Krull* and then sit on them for four years has very little going on upstairs or outdoors, we can pretty much assume that said collector will use the money to get some trim. This could be a benefit to society because he might relieve some tension before taking hostages in the local KFC.

More importantly, however:

(b) Who do you think made *Krull* rare in the first place? Dickwads like "Jimmy" who are sitting around with 15 copies of it. Nothing bothers me more than knowing the CDs I want are sitting in mass quantity at Super Collector or somewhere else collecting dust, and that they are rare because the people who have multiple copies won't get rid of them.

You see, friends, collecting and listening is one thing. But when you stockpile and then try to auction, the ruse is up. We know who you are, and we don't think it's funny anymore. We know that you got all those CDs with an initial investment of just about zero. We also know that you have multiple copies of everything, and that you're just in it to make a quick buck. So please, for the love of God, skip that extra copy of *Tail Spin* and get something that you genuinely enjoy. Lots of great stuff that I'm sure you haven't discovered is still readily available and in print. Have fun, kids. •

Fahrenheit 451 Dept.

Volume One, 1993-96

Issues are 24 pages unless noted. Most 1993 editions are now xeroxes only.

#30/31, February/March 1993, 64 pages

Maurice Jarre, Basil Poledouris, Jay Chattaway, John Scott, Chris Young, Mike Lang; the secondary market, Ennio Morricone albums, Elmer Bernstein Film Music Collection LPs; 1992 in review.

#32, April 1993, 16 pages

Temp-tracking *Matinee*, SPFM 1993 Conference Report, angry *Star Trek* music editorial.

#33, May 1993, 12 pages

Book reviews, articles on classical/film connection.

#34, June 1993, 16 pages

Goldsmith SPFM award dinner report; orchestrators & what they do, *Lost in Space*, recycled Herrmann; review spotlights on Christopher Young, *Pinocchio*, Bruce Lee film scores.

#35, July 1993, 16 pages

Tribute to David Kraft; John Beal Part 1; scores vs. songs, Herrmann Christmas operas; Film Composers Dictionary.

#36/37, August/September 1993, 40 pages

Elmer Bernstein, Bob Townson (Varèse), Richard Kraft and Nick Redman Part 1, John Beal Part 2; reviews of CAM CDs; collector interest articles, classic corner, fantasy film scores of Elmer Bernstein.

#38, October 1993, 16 pages

John Debnay (*seaQuest DSV*), Richard Kraft and Nick Redman Part 2.

#39, Nov. 1993, 16 pages

Richard Kraft and Nick Redman Part 3, Fox CDs, *Nightmare Before Christmas* and *Bride of Frankenstein* review spotlights.

#40, Dec. 1993, 16 pages

Richard Kraft and Nick Redman Part 4; Re-recording *The Magnificent Seven* for Koch.

#41/42/43, January/February/March 1994, 48 pages

Elliot Goldenthal, James Newton Howard, Kitaro and Randy Miller (*Heaven & Earth*), Rachel Portman, Ken Darby; *Star Wars* trivia/cue sheets; sexy album covers; music for westerns overview; 1993 in review.

#44, April 1994

Joel McNeely, Basil Poledouris (*On Deadly Ground*); SPFM Morricone tribute report and photos; lots of reviews.

#45, May 1994

Randy Newman (*Maverick*), Graeme Revell (*The Crow*); Goldsmith in concert; in-depth reviews: *The Magnificent Seven* and *Schindler's List*; Instant Liner Notes, book

reviews.

#46/47, June/July 1994

Patrick Doyle, James Newton Howard (*Wyatt Earp*), John Morgan (restoring Hans Salter scores); Tribute to Henry Mancini; overview: Michael Nyman music for films, collectible CDs.

#48, August 1994

Mark Mancina (*Speed*); Chuck Cirino & Peter Rotter; Richard Kraft: advice for aspiring film composers; classical music in films; new CAM CDs; Cinerama LPs; best-selling soundtrack CDs.

#49, September 1994

Hans Zimmer (*The Lion King*), Shirley Walker; Laurence Rosenthal on the Vineyard; Hans Salter in memoriam; classical music in films; John Williams in concert; Recordman at the flea market.

#50, October 1994

Alan Silvestri (*Forrest Gump*), Mark Isham; sex and soundtrack sales; Lalo Schiffrin in concert; Ennio Morricone Beat CDs; that wacky Internet; Recordman on liner notes.

#51, November 1994

Howard Shore (*Ed Wood*), Thomas Newman (*Shawshank Redemption*), J. Peter Robinson (*Wes Craven's New Nightmare*), Lukas's mom interviewed; music of *Heimat*, *Star Trek*; promos.

#52, December 1994

Eric Serra, Marc Shaiman Part 1, Sandy De Crescent (music contractor), Valencia Film Music Conference, SPFM Conference Part 1, *StarGate* liner notes, Shostakovich

Anonymous.

#53/54, January/February 1995

Marc Shaiman Part 2, Dennis McCarthy (*Star Trek*); Sergio Bassetti, Jean-Claude Petit and Armando Trovajoli in Valencia; Music and the Academy Awards Part 1; rumored LPs, quadraphonic LPs.

#55/56, March/April 1995

Basil Poledouris (*The Jungle Book*), Alan Silvestri (*The Quick and the Dead*), Joe Lo Duca (*Evil Dead*), Oscar and Music Part 2, Recordman's Diary, SPFM Conference Report Part 2.

#57, May 1995

Jerry Goldsmith in concert, Bruce Broughton on *Young Sherlock Holmes*, Miles Goodman interviewed, 1994 Readers Poll, *Star Trek* overview.

#58, June 1995

Michael Kamen (*Die Hard*), Royal S. Brown (film music critic), Recordman Loves Annette, History of Soundtrack Collecting Part 1.

#59/60, July/Aug. 1995, 48 pages

Sex Sells Too (sexy LP covers, lots of photos), Maurice Jarre interviewed, Miklós Rózsa Remembered, History of Soundtrack Collecting Part 2, film music in concert pro and con.

#61, September 1995

Elliot Goldenthal (*Batman Forever*), Michael Kamen Part 2, Chris Lennertz (new composer), *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* (analysis), classical music for soundtrack fans.

#62, October 1995

Danny Elfman Part 1, John Ottman (*The Usual Suspects*), Robert Townson (Varèse Sarabande), Top Ten Most Influential Scores, Goldsmith documentary reviewed.

#63, November 1995

James Bond Special Issue! John Barry and James Bond (history/overview), Eric Serra on *GoldenEye*, essay, favorites, more. Also: History of Soundtrack Collecting Part 3, Davy Crockett LPs.

#64, December 1995

Danny Elfman Part 2 (big!), Steve Bartek (orchestrator), Recordman Meets Shaft: The Blaxploitation Soundtracks, Michael Kamen Part 3, re-recording *House of Frankenstein*.

#65/66/67, January/February/March 1996, 48 pages

Thomas Newman, Toru Takemitsu, *Robotech*, *Star Trek*, Ten Influential Composers; Philip Glass, Heltor Villalobos, songs in film, best of '95, film music documentary reviews (Herrmann, Delerue, Takemitsu, "The Hollywood Sound").

#68, April 1996

David Shire's *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*; Carter Burwell (*Fargo*), gag obituaries, *Apollo 13* promo/bootleg tips.

#69, May 1996

Music in *Plan 9 from Outer Space*; John Walsh's funny movie music glossary; Herrmann and Rózsa radio programs; Irwin Allen box set review; John Bender's

"Into the Dark Pool" column.

#70, June 1996

Mark Mancina (*Twister*), final desert island movie lists, Jeff Bond's summer movie column, TV's *Biggest Hits* book review.

#71, July 1996

David Arnold (*Independence Day*), Michel Colombier, Recordman Goes to Congress, Jeff Bond's summer movie column.

#72, August 1996

Ten Best Scores of '90s, Thomas Newman's *The Player*, *Escape from L.A.*, conductor John Mauceri, reference books, Akira Ifukube CDs.

#73, September 1996

Recordman on War Film Soundtracks Part 1; Interview: David Schecter: Monstrous Movie Music; Akira Ifukube CDs Part 2, Miles Goodman obituary.

#74, October 1996

Action Scores in the '90s (big intelligent article); Cinemusic '96 report (John Barry, Zhou Jiping); Vic Mizzy interviewed.

#75, November 1996

John Barry: Cinemusic Interview (very big); Recordman on War Film Soundtracks Part 2, Jeff Bond's review column.

#76, December 1996

Interviews: Randy Edelman, John Barry part 2, Ry Cooder (*Last Man Standing*); Andy Dursin's laserdisc column, Lukas's review column.

Volume Two

New color cover format, issues of 32-48 pages!

Vol. 2, No. 1, Jan./Feb. 1997

First in new format! *Star Wars* issue: John Williams interview, behind the Special Edition CDs, commentary, cue editing minutia/trivia, more. Also: Jeff Bond's review column.

Vol. 2, No. 2, Mar./Apr. 1997

All Clausen: *The Simpsons* (big interview); promotional CDs; Congress in Valencia; Readers Poll 1996 and Andy's picks; Into the Dark Pool Part 2 by John Bender.

Vol. 2, No. 3, May 1997

Michael Fine: Re-recording Miklós Rózsa's film noir scores; reviews: *Polltergeist*, *Mars Attacks!*, *Rosewood*, more; Lukas's and Jeff Bond's review columns.

Vol. 2, No. 4, June 1997

Danny Elfman (*Men in Black*), Promos Part 2, Martin Denny and Exotica, *Lady in White*, the Laserphile on DVDs, obituary: Brian May, *The Fifth Element* reviewed.

Vol. 2, No. 5, July 1997

Elliot Goldenthal (*Batman & Robin*), Mark Mancina (*Con Air*, *Speed 2*), George S. Clinton (*Austin Powers*), ASCAP & BMI award photos; Reviews: *Crash*, *Lost World*.

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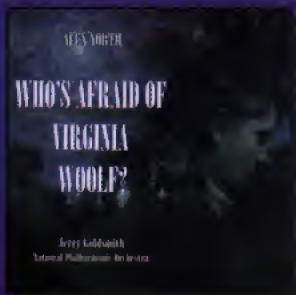
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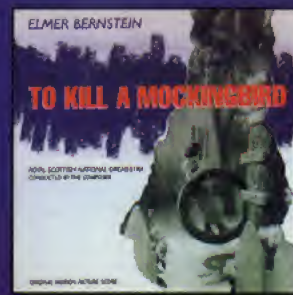
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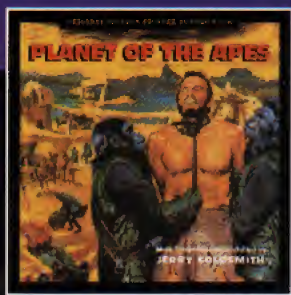
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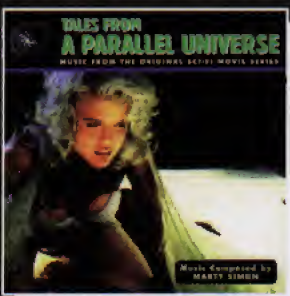
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